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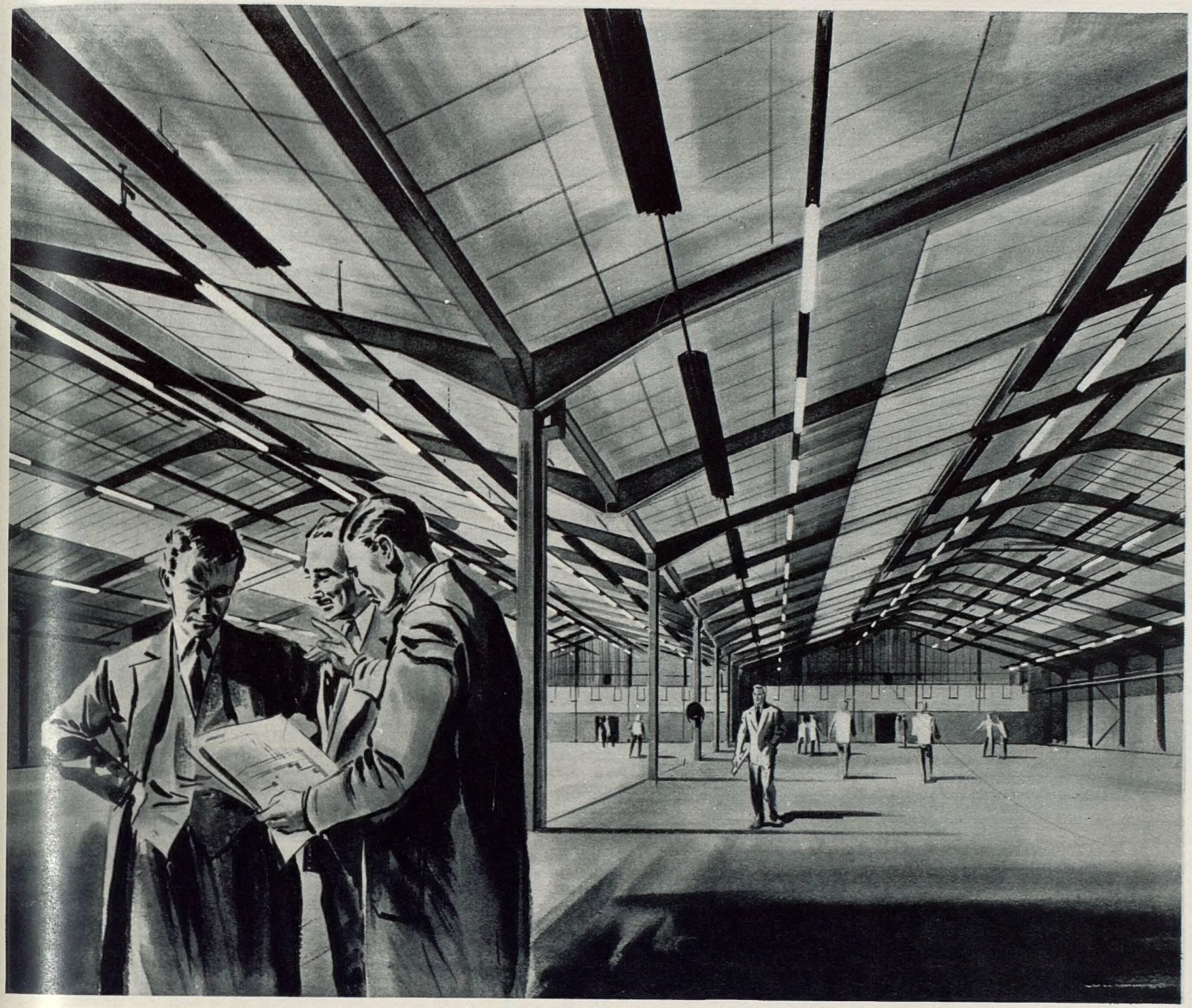

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THE ROSETTE awarded annually and jointly by the Automobile Association, the Royal Automobile Club and the Royal Scottish Automobile Club to those hotels where "the food and restaurant facilities are considered to be of a higher standard than the classification implies" was a happy inspiration, and is undoubtedly stimulating a greater interest in food and wine throughout the country.

From the new A.A. members' handbook which is beside me in my car, I have noted with interest that these coveted Rosettes are still awarded sparingly, for while at the inception of the idea they were limited to about a baker's dozen, to-day they number a little less than threescore. Most of them are, of course, known to me, and those which are not I shall hasten to visit. How widely scattered they are. In Scotland there are but three, the ever-popular *Buchanan Arms* at Drymen, eighteen miles north of Glasgow, is one; the *Monreith Arms* at Port William, on the Wigtownshire coast, is another (I have no recent experience), and the *Golden Lion*, Stirling, is a most worthy third, thanks to Mr. E. M. Adam, its Managing Director, who is so well versed in gastronomic values, and is indefatigable in the tutelage of our future restaurant and kitchen staff.

Naturally there are omissions, as for example the *Fortingall Hotel*, near Aberfeldy. There is no more dedicated man to the gastronomic arts than Mr. William Heptinstall, its proprietor, and to those interested in *hors-d'œuvres* I commend his recent publication, which is the work of a master.

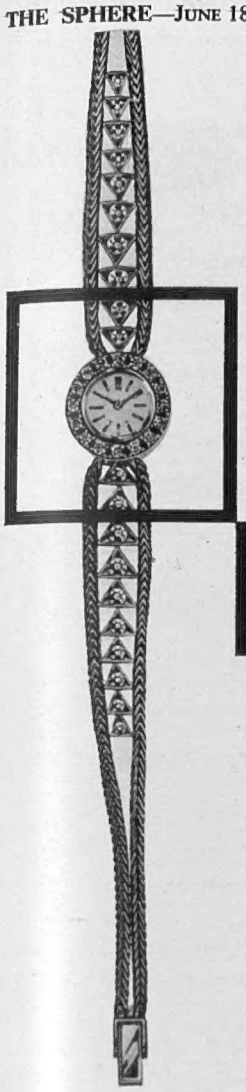
The Rosette award does not appear to apply to inns where there is no residential accommodation and I feel that many a Yorkshireman would agree with me that a Rosette would be a just award for that famous inn the *Red Lion* at South Stainley, twixt Harrogate and Ripon. "Tis substantial happiness to eat" is the saying printed at the foot of this Red Lion's Menu Cards, and a Yorkshire appetite is formidable! Here the Fawcett family offer a good-sized *table d'hôte* menu with a few *à la carte* dishes, calculated to satisfy the most ravenous of customers. Under the same ownership since 1930 and enlarged from time to time, an attractive buffet is the latest addition for the motorist in a hurry.

I will also commend to the three motoring organisations the *Pheasant Inn*, Winterslow, seven miles from Salisbury. A welcome sight is this landmark on the Andover or Stockbridge/Salisbury road, especially motoring westwards in driving rain on a winter's night! Here, irrespective of weather or season of the year, Mr. W. A. Bowcher, who purchased the inn in 1959, has effected a most attractive transformation in cocktail bar, and restaurant. To the latter he is attracting epicureans from near and far appreciative of a selective *à la carte* menu and a West End standard of service. Particularly were we impressed with the winter salad that was dressed at our table. Pheasant is never a cheap bird, nor is this inn, but don't pass it by assuming it may be too expensive. You can be sure of good value for money and should you be in a hurry or do not want an *à la carte* menu, repair to the snack bar. In either case you should go on your way rejoicing.

One difficulty in the award of Rosettes must be the dependence that has to be placed on the chef of the moment, so it would seem imperative that the owners of those small rosetted establishments are sufficiently qualified to step into the breach if the chef walks out. Quite recently my wife and I were attracted to the Sussex village of Singleton, which nestles at the foot of the South Downs, on the main Midhurst/Chichester road and only a mile from Goodwood. The magnet of attraction was Drove House Hotel and Club. The owners, Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Cumberlege, a refreshingly young and keen couple, are attracting those with gastronomic interest because of their ability to depart from the common rut of steaks, roasts and poultry. Instead, they provide exciting and delectable dishes which lead to such remarks as "What a wonderful chef you must have." Whether they have or not is immaterial, for Geoffrey is a wizard cook and is equally knowledgeable on vintages and correct temperatures. The interior decoration and comfort of the house is as tasteful as the fare. On the ground floor a Club bar with french windows leads out on to a garden terrace (shades of Pimms on a summer's evening!). Off the bar is a small, intimate restaurant and a further restaurant is devoted to a cold buffet where one helps oneself. Equally inviting are the bedrooms above stairs. Each offers the unusual in decor and furnishings and some of them have private bathrooms. In short, a charming hotel from every angle.

In the same neighbourhood, taking the Chichester/Petersfield road, you will come to the *White Horse* at Chilgrove, which is not only attractive in its looks, setting and internal decor but such a mouthwatering reputation has it that it draws a daily clientele from far and wide, so much so that it is quite essential to book one's table (Tel.: East Marden 219) nights and sometimes weeks ahead. It was in 1958 that Mr. and Mrs. C. Krall with their married daughter, an accomplished cook, and their son-in-law left Cornwall to take over the tenancy of this Watney/Tamplin inn. Note that the kitchens are closed on Mondays, and the Kralls adhere strictly to the rule that whoever books a table for dinner has it for the whole evening, in short no second sittings.

Due to changes of ownership and management, food standards may deteriorate or improve, and I am confident that that attractive hotel the *Compton Arms* at Stoney Cross, on the Romsey/Ringwood highway, will soon have its Rosette restored now that it is under the ownership of a firm of London caterers who are zealous in food standards. The three outstanding features of our stay there one cold night in March were the warmth that assailed us on entering, the cheerful environment of the restaurant, cocktail bar and corridors, and the West End standards of cuisine and service. An excellent example too of experienced and interested management.



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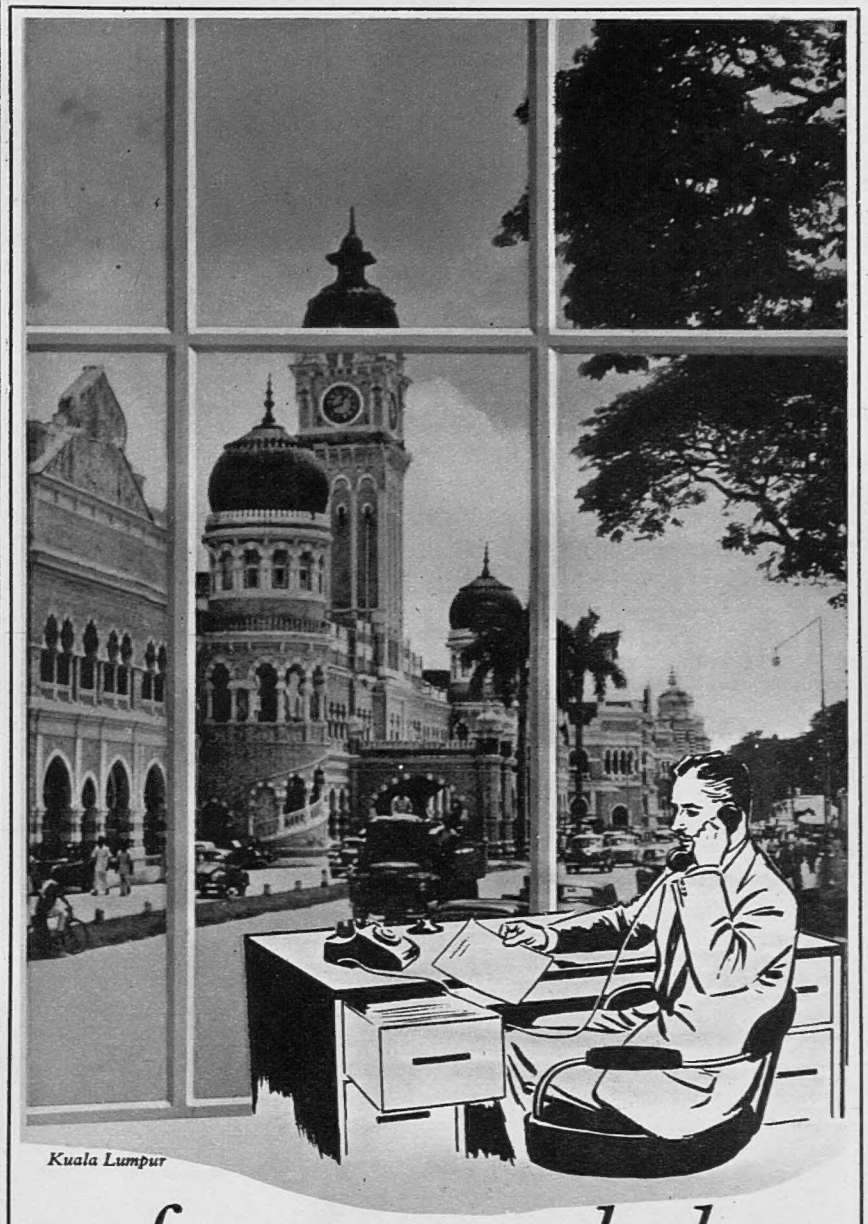

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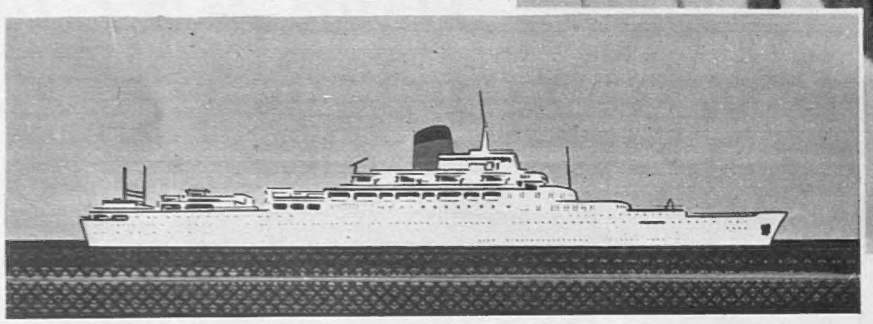

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Volume CCXLI No. 3133

THE SPHERE

London, June 18, 1960

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With which are incorporated *The Graphic* and *Black & White*

REPUBLICAN BOMBSHELL

Mr. Nelson Rockefeller, the Governor of New York, is in trenchant mood as he talks to newspaper correspondents in the White House, in Washington. He had just had a breakfast meeting with President Eisenhower. Having praised the President for his steadfast pursuit of a just peace, Mr. Rockefeller went on to make a statement to the Press which indicated that he had broken away from the Eisenhower-Nixon wing of the Republican Party. He said that "a new period summons new men . . . new ideas, new action." The Governor demanded as "urgently necessary" a clear-cut declaration of aims and policy by the Republicans and attacked Vice-President Nixon—hitherto regarded as the only Republican Presidential Candidate—for having stated he would not announce his policies until after nomination. Many observers believed that Mr. Rockefeller might now be preparing to run as a candidate and there might be possibility of a split among the Republicans

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NEWS SUMMARY

Three, Ten, Six and Seven; Anglo-American Defence Co-operation; The Japanese Anti-American Demonstrations

INTERNATIONAL

At **Geneva** the two disarmament conferences were in their usual state of deadlock as the week began. No progress could be reported from the Three-Power (British, American, Russian) talks on banning nuclear tests. The Ten-Power conference on general disarmament (five Western countries and five Communist countries) had debated the new Russian proposals without reaching any conclusions. The Soviet suggestion that nuclear disarmament should precede conventional disarmament was unacceptable to the West, whose representatives pointed out that for any hope of genuine peace the two processes must proceed along parallel lines. Until this had started, the West was not prepared to consider Russia's demand for the withdrawal of American troops from overseas bases.

There was also disappointment in another sphere of international affairs, the economic arrangements of Europe. At the Trade Committee of the Twenty Western Nations, in **Paris,** immediate hopes were dashed of the common Market Six and the European Free Trade Area Seven coming closer together in a customs union. However, it was agreed that a study group should examine the possibilities of negotiations on tariffs between the Six and the Seven within the framework of the tariff conference of GATT (General Agreement on Trade and Tariffs) at Geneva in September.

The control of the International Air Transport Association over world passenger fares appeared to survive a severe crisis last week. After months of argument, BOAC and nine other airlines flying over the South Atlantic agreed to pay fines, which amounted to £20,000 each. The trouble arose when European airlines disapproved of the attitude of Argentinian and Brazilian lines which refused to introduce cheaper tourist-class fares. As a result, a " price-cutting " war developed, with reductions of up to 40 per cent. BOAC were not operating services to South America at the time, but the Corporation accepted bookings at reduced rates in preparation for the Comet services to South America which started in January. According to a spokesman, they did this to remain competitive. It was decided to impose the fines so that the authority of the Association should not be undermined. Although the ten airlines concerned pleaded " guilty," they have protested against the fines, and it was expected that the dispute would continue.

GREAT BRITAIN

Following Mr. Watkinson's visit to the United States to discuss Anglo-American co-operation in a missile system, talks continued in **Washington** and **London** about immediate defence plans. These were said to be concerned with employing R.A.F. bombers as well as American bombers on air patrols armed with H-bombs. The R.A.F. would share facilities at American bases. War-heads would not be fused on the patrols but fusing devices could be inserted once orders to start a nuclear attack had been issued.

On his arrival back in Britain from Washington, Mr. Watkinson announced as a result of his talks with Mr. Gates, the U.S. Defence Secretary, that Britain and America are to share Skybolt, an air-launched ballistic missile, still in the design stage. Although no details of this missile have been released, it is believed that it will carry a thermo-nuclear war-head on flights up to 1,000 miles after it has been launched. Mr. Watkinson said that there was no intention of making the missile in Britain. A number of dummies had been ordered in order that work could be done in adapting the Vulcan bomber to carry the Skybolt. He skirted round questions of cost. It is unlikely that the Skybolt will be operational for another five years. Until then, Britain would depend on the Blue Steel stand-off bomb, which is believed to have a range of about 400 miles and which is under intensive development. Skybolt will be the concern of the R.A.F. It is expected that the Royal Navy will continue to press for more emphasis on co-operation with the United States in employing the Polaris guided missile. This is to be launched under water by nuclear-powered submarines. The Government's new defence policy has come under attack from some sections of the Conservative Party since, they argue, it gives the impression that Britain will become more dependent on the U.S. as far as defence is concerned.

Traditionally, the Labour Party has always washed its dirty linen in the maximum limelight of publicity (in contrast to the Conservatives, who prefer to keep their Party laundry behind heavily-shuttered and barred windows). The latest series of bitter exchanges between leading Socialists was sparked off last week by Mr. Woodrow Wyatt in a speech in which he censured Mr. Frank Cousins, the General Secretary of the Transport and General Workers, calling him " a bully with a block vote." Underlying the manifest causes of the controversy, such as retention of the deterrent *versus* unilateral disarmament by Britain, or the question of more or no more nationalisation, is a deeper issue: this is how far the Parliamentary Labour Party should be controlled in its conduct of affairs by extra-parliamentary influences—*e.g.*, the Annual Conference or the Trade Unions. It is an issue which has never been properly clarified in the past and in the eyes of many observers it may well prove Mr. Gaitskell's greatest test to date as Party leader.

THE FAR EAST

President Eisenhower set out on his tour of the Far East last Sunday. After visiting the **Philippines** and **Formosa** he is due in **Japan** on Sunday next (June 19). From there he goes to South Korea before returning to Washington by way of Honolulu. In view of the recent uproar in Japan, the world was waiting to see what kind of a reception he would have there.

The demonstrations in Tokyo, which were increasingly violent in the prelude to the President's visit, were aimed against the ratification of the American-Japanese Security Treaty. The pact has had a curious history. Theoretically, the Americans, until six months ago, retained the military rights which they assumed in 1945. In January this year the Security Treaty was signed between America and Japan, giving the latter equal rights in a military alliance. For months before this the Japanese Parliamentary Opposition had been urging the Government to speed up the making of the treaty. But when the ratification debates began in the Diet in Tokyo, the Opposition changed its tune and outside the Diet there were anti-treaty demonstrations.

The reasons for this were that the Opposition claimed the terms of the pact were vague in certain respects regarding American rights over their military bases in the country, and Japan might find herself involved in a Far Eastern war between America and China. The U.2 incident last month added fuel to the flames, especially after Mr. Khrushchev had declared Russia was ready to take action against countries harbouring U.2 bases. It was not until last week that Washington was reported to have ordered the withdrawal of U.2's from Japan.

Japanese Government spokesmen have frequently declared that the demonstrations and riots, which appear to have been largely confined to Tokyo, have been instigated by Communists. There is a small Japanese Communist Party representation in the Diet, but the main opposition comes from the Socialists. Although China and Russia may have wished to see President Eisenhower caused embarrassment, it is questionable how far they have actively encouraged recent events in Tokyo. Nor is it at all clear at present how far **Pekin** and **Moscow** are acting in concert.

Recent reports from both capitals indicate a renewal of the long-standing ideological dispute about which is the source of " true " Communism. Further, China appears to be following a different line from Russia in regard to certain aspects of foreign policy. A few weeks ago a delegation from the F.L.N. (the Algerian Nationalists) visited China. It is now reported that Pekin is offering the Nationalists aid in the form of arms and materials. Russia, on the other hand, has so far shown no sign of intending to intervene in Algeria.

In **Cambodia** it was expected early this week that Prince Norodom Sihanouk would soon be asked by the National Assembly to " take up the burdens of State." The Prince has been in retirement since the death of his father, King Norodom Suramarit, two months ago. A recent nation-wide referendum showed a vast majority of the population supported the Prince's policy of neutralism in foreign affairs.

SOUTH AMERICA

Last week-end trouble broke out in Argentina, after a period of tension between provincial authorities and the Army. At the time, President Van Frondizi was about to leave for a long tour of Europe, including Britain, in the hopes of obtaining support for his ambitious programme of economic recovery. (Argentina has a large budgetary deficiency.) The trouble spot was reported to be in the central province of San Luis, in which between 300 and 400 anti-aircraft gunners were said to have staged a revolt. Dr. Frondizi's Government was denounced by the rebels as " Communist," and they named General Giovannoni, a right-wing Nationalist, as their " provisional President." The revolt apparently lasted only a few hours, and on Monday President Frondizi announced that he was leaving as planned for Europe.

IN BRIEF

The second conference of African independent States was due to open in **Addis Ababa** last Tuesday. Delegations from eleven countries were participating: Cameroons, Ethiopia, Ghana, Guinea, Liberia, Libya, Morocco, Sudan, Togo, Tunisia and U.A.R. . . . After his State visit to **Greece,** President Nasser arrived in **Yugoslavia** on June 13 for a week of talks with President Tito. . . . Polling has begun in the election for the Chamber of Deputies in **Lebanon** and will continue until the end of this month. . . . Mr. Herter, U.S. Secretary of State, thinks Foreign Ministers should attend fewer meetings and delegate more work to subordinates. He gave this opinion to a Senate Committee in **Washington.** . . . The millenary of **Croydon,** in Surrey, is being celebrated this month. A pageant depicting the County Borough's 1,000 years of history opened in Lloyd Park on June 15 and continues nightly until June 25.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

WRECKAGE IN HONG KONG AFTER A VIOLENT TYPHOON

The typhoon Mary was watched with great anxiety as it crossed the South China Sea and headed straight for Hong Kong. It crossed the colony, leaving a trail of devastation behind, caused by gusts of wind up to a force of 100 m.p.h. All road and rail communications were disrupted, and many of the huts and shanties housing refugees from Communist China disappeared. It was believed that over fifty people were dead or missing and several thousands made homeless. In the fishing port of Cheng Chau island, ten miles to the south-west of Hong Kong, 150 junks and sampans capsized and a number of fishermen drowned. Several ships in the South China Sea ran aground and at least one of them broke up. Two small vessels were driven onto the runway of Kaitak airport, in Kowloon Bay. The typhoon was the worst experienced in the colony since the 1937 disaster and the damage was estimated to amount to many millions of Hong Kong dollars. More than 14 ins. of rain fell in 24 hours on Hong Kong, which had been suffering from a severe water shortage for the previous seven months

MR. HAGERTY'S CAR MOBBED BY DEMONSTRATORS AT TOKYO AIRPORT

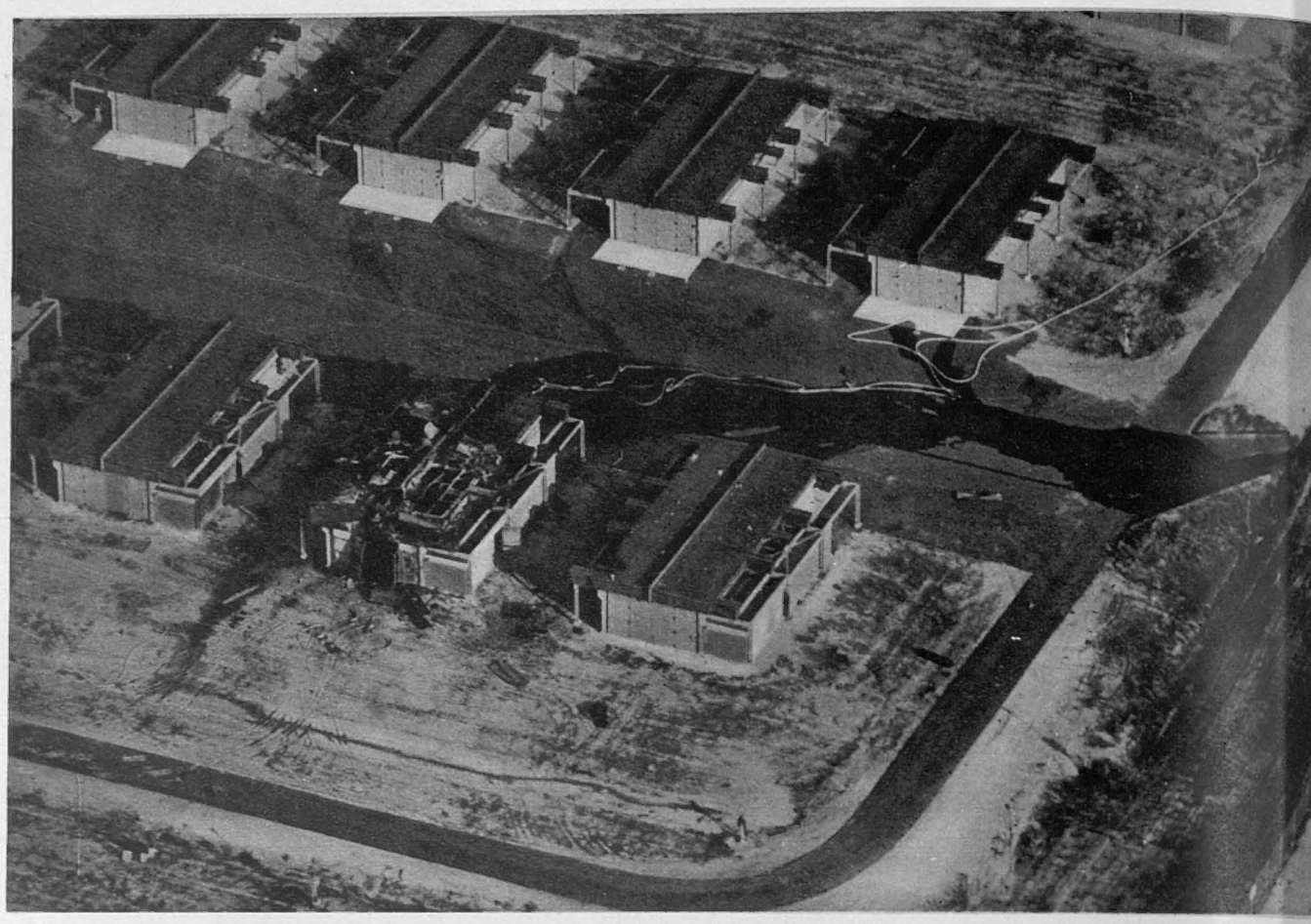
Mr. Hagerty, President Eisenhower's Press Secretary, takes pictures of the demonstrators who surrounded his car as it left Haneda Airport, Tokyo, for the American Embassy. He and Mr. MacArthur, the American Ambassador to Japan, were imprisoned in the car for over an hour. 5,000 demonstrators milled round the vehicle, which was badly damaged. Later 1,000 Japanese police cleared a space on the road for a United States Marines helicopter to land and take Mr. Hagerty and the Ambassador on board. The demonstration was another large-scale protest by left-wing organisations against the new U.S.-Japan security treaty and Mr. Eisenhower's visit to Japan

BRITAIN REGAINS THE WIGHTMAN CUP

QUEEN SALOTE IN AUSTRALIA

Queen Salote of Tonga is greeted at Sydney airport on her arrival in Australia for a "brief semi-holiday." Shortly after this picture was taken, she lost the large mother-of-pearl brooch on her lapel. It was found on a rubbish dump, having been swept up by a mechanical sweeper

Far left: At Wimbledon, the British team receive the Trophy from the Duchess of Devonshire. From left are Christine Truman, Angela Mortimer, Mrs. Walter (the non-playing captain), Ann Haydon, Mrs. Shirley Brasher and Mrs. R. Hales. Britain finally won by four matches to three. It was the sixth time since 1923 that Britain had beaten the U.S.



A Bomarc anti-aircraft missile, armed with an atomic warhead, caught fire on its launching-pad near McGuire Air Force Base, in New Jersey, and caused alarm throughout the U.S., after false reports that its warhead had exploded. For some hours all roads in the area were closed and cars were checked by the police armed with geiger counters. It was later announced that, when the missile caught fire, not even the explosive in the trigger mechanism of the warhead exploded, and the slight escape of radiation was confined to the badly damaged launching pen. An investigation was immediately ordered at the Air Force base, which is about 35 miles to the north-west of Philadelphia and forms part of the elaborate defensive system for the heavily-populated area. One aim of the investigation was to find out who had originated the unfounded alarm

BADLY-DAMAGED INSTALLATION AFTER AN AMERICAN MISSILE HAD CAUGHT FIRE

General Franco with Señora Franco and Cardinal Cicognani, representing the Pope, leaves after a Solemn Mass celebrated in the Valley of the Fallen, the vast mausoleum for the dead of the Spanish Civil War, which has been hewn out of the rocks in the Guadarrama Mountains to the north of Madrid. Two days previously the Cardinal had consecrated the Mausoleum

THE CAUDILLO IN SPAIN'S VALLEY OF THE FALLEN

Far right: On arrival in New York, Herr Strauss, the West German Defence Minister, talks with Major-General Herbert Thatcher (*centre*), of the U.S. Air Force. *Right* is Lieut.-General Kammhuber, of the Federal German Air Force. Reports that Herr Strauss had gone to America to ask for ballistic missiles for the Bundeswehr were denied in Bonn. His visit, it was said, was for the purpose of acquiring military and other technical information

HERR STRAUSS IN THE U.S.A.

The members of the Russian tennis team for Wimbledon, who are seen on their arrival at London Airport, are (*left to right*) Tomas Lejus, Anna Dmitrieva, Irina Rjazanova and Michael Mozer. This team is expected to be a focus of attention when the Lawn Tennis Championships begin at Wimbledon next week. The Russians showed their paces in the Kent Championships last week

RUSSIAN TENNIS PLAYERS IN LONDON

Far right: At the Richmond Horse Show one of the popular events was the Amateur Driving Marathon. Mr. Nubar Gulbenkian and his wife drove in a single-harness, non-Hackney-type gig with which they won their class

NUBAR GULBENKIAN AT RICHMOND HORSE SHOW

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

TWO PRIME MINISTERS COMBINE PLEASURE AND BUSINESS IN OSLO

Mr. Macmillan examines his spectacles as he sits with Hr. Gerhardsen, the Norwegian Prime Minister, aboard a steamer in Oslo. They were setting out on a trip down Oslo Fjord. Hr. Lange, the Norwegian Foreign Minister, accompanied them and it was understood the three combined the pleasures of sight-seeing with the business of informal talks about current international politics. Mr. Macmillan, with Lady Dorothy Macmillan, spent four days on an official visit to Norway last week. Among his numerous engagements was an address to the Oslo Student Union. His theme was the Commonwealth. The British Prime Minister spoke of how the British Empire, unlike other empires, "had averted the doom of decline and given birth to a new order of association." At the end of his speech he was loudly acclaimed by a crowded audience numbering about 1,000 young people

PRESIDENT NASSER AND KING PAUL OF GREECE IN ATHENS

During his three-day State visit to Greece, President Nasser of the U.A.R., had talks with Mr. Karamanlis, the Greek Prime Minister. The main topic was relations between the two countries, including economic exchanges. The position of the 80,000-strong Greek community in Egypt was also discussed

TO BE HIGH COMMISSIONER IN INDIA

Far right: Sir Paul Gore-Booth, deputy Under-Secretary of State at the Foreign Office, is to succeed Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, whose term of office in India will end in September. The High Commissioner Designate is fifty-one; he has seen considerable service in Asia and was Ambassador in Burma from 1953 to 1956

RECEPTION IN PARIS FOR DELEGATES OF THE FRENCH COMMUNITY

At the reception in the gardens of the Elysée, President de Gaulle talks to two delegates from Upper Volta. The reception took place during the meetings of the Senate of the French Community, which was discussing the future framework of the overseas Community. Four former French African states—Upper Volta, Niger, Dahomey, and the Ivory Coast (the *Conseil de l'Entente*)—indicated that they wanted to proceed to complete independence before considering their place in the Community

DR. BOURGUIBA IN ITALY

Far right: President Bourguiba, of Tunisia, arrives at Milan from Tunis. He went immediately to the north Italian health resort of Salsomaggiore, where he is expected to stay until the end of this month for medical treatment and a rest. It is understood that the President is suffering from a throat ailment

The Queen, with the Dukes of Edinburgh (left) and Gloucester, rides from the Palace to take the salute on Horse Guards Parade

The Queen Mother and Princess Anne drive in an open carriage to watch the ceremony

BIRTHDAY PARADE

Nearly 600 men in scarlet tunics were on Horse Guards Parade last Saturday for the Trooping the Colour ceremony in honour of the Queen's official birthday. Thousands of people lined the route and many more watched from specially erected stands. This year, the Colour trooped was that of the 3rd Bn. Grenadier Guards (which is to disband shortly) and in their honour the Queen wore the scarlet tunic of their regiment. With the Queen throughout most of the ceremony were the Duke of Edinburgh (who had just returned from New York) and the Duke of Gloucester. On Horse Guards Parade, the trooping followed the familiar pattern. Her Majesty, having been received with a Royal salute, inspected the guards and after the actual trooping of the Colour took the salute at the march-past. At the end of the parade Her Majesty rode back to the Palace at the head of the Queen's Guard to take the final salute from the forecourt. Later, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh joined other members of the Royal Family on the Palace balcony to watch the birthday fly-past by Hunter aircraft of Fighter Command.

Right: On the Palace balcony after the Parade are: the Princess Royal; Earl Mountbatten; the Queen; the Queen Mother; the Duke of Edinburgh; Princess Anne and the Duchess of Kent

On Horse Guards Parade, the Queen (just passing the memorial) inspects the Guards during the ceremony of Trooping the Colour on Her Majesty's official birthday

JOHN CONNELL

THE DILEMMA OF WITHDRAWAL

The problems of dissolving an Empire are far more complex and far more difficult than those of building and expanding an Empire. The latter process was at its height sixty or seventy years ago—a normal life-span—and it brought liberation for millions from barbarism and slavery; it was an enterprise which evoked and sustained some of the finest qualities in our people, and was surrounded by some emotions which have long since gone sour and been driven back into the sub-conscious: pride in achievement, hope for the future, a sense of purpose and faith in our destiny.

Expressed by an Englishman to-day—except a politician who is allowed a certain archaic verbal licence—these emotions produce an incredulous snigger. We present, after this relatively short lapse of time, a startlingly different image of ourselves to the rest of the world. Since we are beginning to accept this as a true portrait (Mr. Richard Crossman in his latest Fabian pamphlet has drawn it in especially bold and scarifying outline and lurid colour), we tend to behave as if we had no pride and no hope, no faith and no sense of purpose.

This is particularly true of our relations with the remains of what was once the British Colonial Empire. We stumble along uncertainly to its dissolution, like some booze-besotted old tramp to the doss-house. Somewhere in our fuddled brain we know that we want to get there as quickly as possible. Therefore, the pace that we have set ourselves

Mr. Mboya and Mr. Macleod at the end of the London Kenya Conference in February

is a shambling run, discarding our last few soiled and tattered assets as we go. But from time to time some slight awareness of the mud and slime of the road which we are travelling makes us slither into a hesitant about-turn; but the road back is barred. So we totter on again. We abuse the ghost of our own past: "You brought me to this, you brutal imperialist, you! It's all your fault!" We are startled to a halt by a sudden, empty fear, and mutter to ourselves that here we stand, we shan't budge an inch now. Then prodded by the memory of some ancient impulse, a fugitive recollection of what we once were, with braced shoulders and lifted head, we march boldly forward; but after a step or two this becomes a horrible caricature of our manhood's gait, and we revert to a decrepit crawl.

To someone of my generation or older, with (as I have) a family background of life and service overseas, to contemplate this aspect of—if I may coin a phrase—our contemporary British way of life is an extremely painful experience. The pain is not ameliorated by the fact that it is regarded as highly unfashionable and unprogressive to draw attention to it. Mr. Corfield, a distinguished ex-civil servant from the Sudan, who investigated the origins and course of the Mau-Mau rebellion on behalf of the Kenya Government, did so in frank and cogent terms in his Report, which was published just before Whitsun. In the Left Wing's current catalogue of opprobrium he ranks, therefore, a little after Dr. Verwoerd and Sir Roy Welensky, and just ahead of Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd.

It may or may not have been a coincidence that the publication of the Corfield Report, delayed after more than one effort to suppress it completely had been circumvented (any journalist who wanted to talk to the Colonial Office during the evening on which it was issued has a pretty clear idea of how welcome it was there), was accompanied by grim evidence of the revival of Mau-Mau and the recurrence of atrocities—murder, obscene oath-taking and the rest. There is little doubt, I think, that the present Kenya Administration—the Governor has shown that he is both resolute and fair-minded—will deal with this recrudescence of terror far more efficiently and far more quickly than its predecessor in the early '50's, which (as Mr. Corfield was at pains to point out) was inhibited from carrying out its paramount duty of maintaining law and order, both by its preoccupation with the material progress of the country and by its feeling that it would encounter the opposition of "world liberal opinion." But will it be properly supported by the Colonial Office here at home? Of the answer to this question it is difficult for anyone who has at heart the interests of *all* the people of Kenya to feel confident—especially after the Lancaster House Conference and the behaviour there and subsequently of Mr. Tom Mboya and his associates, and in view of the strength of the campaign to procure the release of Jomo Kenyatta.

I am convinced that it is essential that the United Kingdom Government should take urgent steps to support the Kenya Administration and strengthen its hand in every way, in order to prevent any large-scale breakdown of law and order and to safeguard the lives, liberties and property of the whole population, African, Indian and European. And if they cannot, or will not, take those steps, Mr. Macleod must say so now, in unequivocal terms. To allow any reversion to the conditions of 1952 onwards, because of deference to the susceptibilities of emerging African nationalism, would be wickedly dishonourable.

Even so, without any recurrence of Mau-Mau, the prospect for Kenya is increasingly bleak. And Kenya is by no means the only part of the dissolving Empire in which there is grave trouble brewing. In Malta, Mr. Mintoff's behaviour alternates sharply between the preposterous and the tiresome. Lord Perth, the Minister of State in the Colonial Office, is due to visit the island very shortly. His task will be to set about re-establishing normal political conditions in the island, which has lacked any form of democratic, representative government for the past eighteen months. It is difficult to believe that he will get much assistance from Mr. Mintoff.

This ebullient and unstable politician is at present sailing erratically along two different tacks. One is the promotion of his far-fetched idea that there is some special kinship between the Maltese and the Arabs of the Moghrab. Maltese racial stock is obviously as diverse as that of almost every other country in the Mediterranean region; and Malta's culture derives, over many centuries, from a rich variety of sources. Nobody would deny—it would be silly indeed to try to deny—the general Mediterranean affinities of the Maltese. But they are Latin and Christian, not Semitic and Muslim. The Maltese have much more in common with the Southern Spaniards or Italians than with anybody else. They lack the primitive savagery of the Sicilians; but in thought and culture they are even further away from the Moroccans and Tunisians. This is a stunt of Mr. Mintoff's—not the first which he has tried, and probably not the last either. His other tack is even more brazenly impudent. This is the energetic canvassing of his latest slogan, "Neutralised Independence," with a bland disregard of the fact that not so long ago he was urging total integration of the island with the United Kingdom. Mr. Anthony Mann has tersely dismissed "Neutralised Independence" as economic and political twaddle, a verdict with which no sensible person would quarrel.

It is merely a cloak—so thin that nobody is taken in by it for a moment—for Mr. Mintoff's determination to seize and retain power in Malta while squeezing, by way of subsidy, every penny he can out of the British taxpayer. There is little doubt that the Colonial Office recognises the repetition of the familiar pattern of imperial dissolution, but—in its curious fashion—is more sensitive about handing over the Maltese to the mercies of a demagogue who is (whatever his defects) at least a Maltese, than it is about handing over Kenyans of British stock to Mr. Mboya and Jomo Kenyatta. However the desire to quit is mounting, and whether or not the economic question of the further full use of the dockyard is settled, the likelihood that we shall pull out is very strong.

Cyprus, by contrast, is the principal example of that neurotic tendency suddenly and stubbornly to call a halt to the process of liquidation for no sound reason. The haggling over the final conditions not of our departure, but of our retention of a so-called "base," has begun to fray everyone's temper. Mr. Julian Amery—I cannot bring myself to think how distasteful he must find his task—has been in the island for three months now. As readers of "The Sphere" know, I have said, as clearly as I can, that the whole idea of this "base" is strategically as nonsensical as it is politically perverse. I see no reason to change my view, and I begin, therefore, to find myself having a sneaking sympathy for Archbishop Makarios, even more for the British businessmen, Civil Servants and Army and R.A.F. officers in Cyprus who believe that those responsible for the hold-up are "the quibbling lawyers and chairborne soldiers of Whitehall," and most of all for the Cypriot people who, already suffering keenly from a sharp economic decline, face the prospect of serious political trouble. But neither in Cyprus nor anywhere else is there any possibility of a way back out of the morass.

A small girl stands among the worshippers prostrate in prayer during the celebration of Id ul Adha—the Feast of Sacrifice—at the Islamic Cultural Centre and London Mosque, near Regent's Park. The Feast is observed throughout the Muslim world to mark the annual pilgrimage to Mecca. In London the service was conducted by the Imam, Dr. Ali Abdel Khader, and attended by people of many races. Id ul Adha was also celebrated at the Shah Jehan Mosque at Woking. There are estimated to be some 250,000 Muslims in Great Britain and the London mosque is their chief place of worship. The Trustees of the mosque and cultural centre are representatives of sixteen Muslim countries which assist in the upkeep of the Islamic establishment in London. The Prophet Mohammed was born in Mecca. The religious views he expounded made him very unpopular with his fellow inhabitants and he eventually left the city. Eight years later he returned in triumph. The pilgrimage to Mecca has for centuries been one of the most solemn duties in Islam. Every Mohammedan should try to make it at least once in his lifetime. Part of the ritual of the pilgrimage consists of circumambulating the Ka'aba, the central shrine of the Great Mosque of Mecca, towards which all Muslims face when they say their prayers

ISLAM IN LONDON

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Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Sir Edmund Stockdale (left), Lord Mayor of London, walk from St. Paul's Cathedral in London to Stationers Hall. They had attended a service to commemorate the 250th anniversary of the opening of Wren's Cathedral

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2.

LABOUR IN AN "AFFLUENT SOCIETY"—As I understand Mr. Crossman, Britain to-day exists in an "affluent society," a version of the American pattern which in Britain emerged in 1951 under Tory rule. It is another name for what the Communists call capitalism. It means that all too little of our resources is spent by Government on public needs, education, housing, welfare benefits, and so on, and all too much by individuals on private luxuries. So long as this goes on, which means so long as the public sector of industry remains the minority sector, the Western "affluent society" is bound to become more and more defeated in competition with the Eastern bloc. At the moment, the electorate majority is satisfied with this state of affluence and with the Tories. It may take ten years or twenty before our defeats in competition with the Eastern bloc add up to figures so serious that the electorate will be converted to Mr. Crossman's State regimentation which must inevitably curtail our liberties. When that day comes, we shall cry out *nous sommes trahis* and plump for severe regimentation *à outrance* by the State. This calls for patience by the Socialists. At present their leaders plan and plot to win the next General Election or the one after. This is parochialism. They must force themselves to become a patient Opposition, welcoming further unpopularity, until the sap of the affluent society dries up and personal affluence withers, and Mr. Crossman's desperate remedies become a doctor's mandate, perhaps by 1980. If Mr. Gaitskell and the other revisionists go on in their short-sighted parochial way, the time will soon come to reconstruct the *Liberal* Party as the only alternative to Conservatism. The Socialists will be "out" long before 1980. "The affluent State" is probably a prettier title than capitalism. But it has a more personal touch. It suggests that everybody is affluent with money to burn, and only the State is parsimonious and thrifty; but, of course, there is quite a large body of electoral opinion which accepts neither the first nor the second proposition, even if those propositions are loose thinking. And that large body will go on in that opinion for decades. The Socialists must learn patience.

LORD HARDINGE—I never understood why it cost the late Lord Hardinge a sleepless night of agonising appraisement before he decided to write to his master, Edward VIII, informing him of the gravity of the situation about to result from the rumours all over the world concerning the King and Mrs. Simpson; *imprimis* that the British Press was about to break silence, that the Commonwealth was acutely disturbed, and that the possibility of the Government's resignation could not be ruled out unless the rumours were instantly denied. The King had never taken Hardinge into his confidence concerning his intentions. If he had, presumably Hardinge would have said his say *viva voce*, and day by day. The importance of the post of Private Secretary cannot be overrated. It is his basic duty—not a mere desirable attribute—to "follow every national activity of importance, the life and interests of the Commonwealth and the trend of events in the outer world," and to make his Sovereign aware of all such matters as closely affect him. These currents are sensed by a man with a wide acquaintance of leading men and of human nature and are best gathered and conveyed by a Secretary of great discretion, judgment and tact. At the same time, the post of Private Secretary is a very personal one, and doubtless if Hardinge and the King had been close friends as well as servant and master, there would have been no need for a bombshell letter, with its unbased suspicions that it was a joint effort by a confidential servant and by the Premier and perhaps Dawson. A private secretary must have no politics and be above suspicion of political bias. If he is to succeed, he must have not only the trust but the friendship of his master. Hardinge did not have the second advantage. Nobody can possibly question his devotion to his loyalties. His duty was plain, and the form in which he discharged it, a letter, was forced upon him. In it, he stated his own personal conclusions, as the ears of his master. Twenty years later, he had retired. His master was no longer his King or his master but the Duke of Windsor, who had published his own story of the Abdication crisis. The truth of history would never be vindicated if the confidential relationship between Sovereigns and their Private Secretaries, or between Cabinet Ministers, must be preserved for all time. Certainly Premiers and Cabinet Ministers do not hold that extreme view to-day and Private Secretaries, when they retire, are entitled to defend their own reputations. Hardinge's story, published nineteen years after the event, did more than defend his own reputation. It cleared Baldwin of an unfair charge.

MAU MAU—The Corfield report on the Mau Mau rebellion was limited in terms of reference. Mr. Corfield was not instructed to allocate blame for things done or left undone before or during the emergency. The reprehensible "party," it seems, was an interregnum, not a man. For the report makes it clear that the fullest information was on the files of the responsible authorities a long time before Lord Howick took over from Sir Philip Mitchell. What was wrong was that these vital and urgent warnings were slow to pass into executive hands. When after the interregnum

A view of Angel Court, Trinity College, Cambridge, the new building which was opened last week by the Queen Mother

Members of the New York Pro Musica Orchestra tune vielle, rebec and recorder before a performance of *The Play of Daniel*, in Westminster Abbey

Sir Evelyn did at last arrive, he put his finger on the administrative weakness and sensed the urgency of the danger within a few weeks. If he had arrived even a month earlier, his "fresh mind" might have unblocked the essential channels in time to limit the rebellion. *The Times* is justified in quoting its warning in a leader of September 15, 1952 that the interregnum was highly dangerous and might be disastrous. But my recollection, as one of the general public in 1952, was that this anxiety was widely shared and that the warning was not intended to envisage only the probability of a Mau Mau rebellion, but rather what violent reactions might come more generally from hopes longer deferred of agrarian and social reforms. It is news, therefore, to me that *The Times*' warning was highly unpopular in London as well as in Kenya and was severely criticised. In my limited recollection, the man in the street shared *The Times*' anxiety over the delay in Sir Evelyn's arrival in Kenya and welcomed this voicing of its anxiety. The same anxiety concerning Mau Mau revival is returning and this report is timely.

SUNDAY OBSERVANCE—It may well have been the depressing aspect of any Scottish town and the faces of its citizens on a Sabbath afternoon which caused R.L.S., despite his upbringing, to write: "It is a poor heart that cannot accept the conditions of life with some heroic readiness," and to insist on every man's prime duty to make other people happy, if he can, and to let them find happiness if they can without busybody interference. In his day, in Scotland at any rate, this was revolutionary preaching. To-day the puritanical condemnation of Sunday recreation is limited to a small minority. Of this minority there are many sincere and some busybody and crankish. My own Victorian English childhood was under the general direction of an uncle who was already a great church leader. My father's rule was that, once we had attended Sunday matins, we could go as we pleased within reason. Stump cricket, lawn tennis, even the devil's books (cards) were not denied us. And often enough in later years I engaged in Sunday golf-croquet with an ardent opponent wearing episcopal gaiters. That seems to be the rule to-day in our Royal Family, and, for my part, I see in it nothing either new or reprehensible. The Sabbatarians take our Royal Family as their target No. 1, so do the anti-blood-sport fanatics. It is natural, I suppose, and singularly ineffective. They never score a bull, seldom an outer. The Royal Family goes serenely on its way, "accepting the conditions of life with some heroic readiness," and for the rest of us, the subjects, in England and in Scotland, too, we incline to resist the warnings about hell-fire and take what opportunities we can to enjoy sport and games, air and exercise, on the only full day of the week when we are not chained to our desks and benches. The more depressing aspects of Sunday afternoons are mercifully mitigated. I am sure, the "Sabbath" was never intended to offer the lads of the village no occupation but to stand on the village bridge spitting into the village stream.

EDUCATIONAL FORCING-HOUSES—The great educational factories of glass and shining metal which rise all over the country under the name of modern secondary schools do not always harmonise with their rural surroundings and local architecture, but they are highly praised by educationists and, indeed, appear to put older educational establishments to shame. But I very much doubt if the architects or the educationists had in mind that these buildings should be *forcing-houses*, and that knowledge should be forced like early tomatoes. Yet probably the architects and admiring educationists possess small greenhouses of their own, and they should have noted two things: sometimes the sun shines quite hot for a month or two in England. When it does, these glass-houses very early in the day jump up to 90 degrees. A much admired example of such a forcing-house in Lancashire, in co-operation with a genial sun, recently made it too hot for 400 pupils, who were sent away after medical examination. Many had collapsed. So what? Vast sunblinds, water spraying on the roofs, whitewashing against the possibility of one fine day, a very expensive system of air-conditioning? There is something to be said after all for tiles and stone or brick walls, or for thatch. And those poor scholars at Eton or in the ugly Victorian school-houses which still shame parts of our countryside and civilisation, *have something* during a spell of summer weather which their more fortunate "little victims" lack in their glass-houses. And, incidentally, an expanse of glass can prove devilish cold in a moderate freeze-up. Apparently, children and tomatoes react differently in forcing-houses. Conditions which turn the latter red, turn the former white.

"THE PRINCIPLE OF THE THING"—That every boy and girl who has shown at school that he or she is fit for the benefits of a university education should receive it, is an obviously desirable aim. That every such accepted by a university should be relieved of all expense by the State is a novel idea. In terms of money it would cost little more to codify the present elaborate methods of grants into a direct system of State responsibility for every accepted boy and girl for whom accommodation can be found, without any test of means. By abolishing parents' responsibility, the business would be simplified and no awkward questions asked. The responsibility of parents for their children's physical and mental and moral development was once regarded as a stimulus to hard work and thrift and as a national character-builder and a personal pride. To-day the generations are largely born free, educated free, doctored free and buried free. The parents' responsibility for parenthood is likely to become a "conception" and no more. THE OLD STAGER

Paul Morel (Dean Stockwell) escorts Clara (Mary Ure) through Nottingham

After his mother's death, Paul says goodbye to Miriam (Heather Sears)

ENTERTAINMENT

SONS AND LOVERS

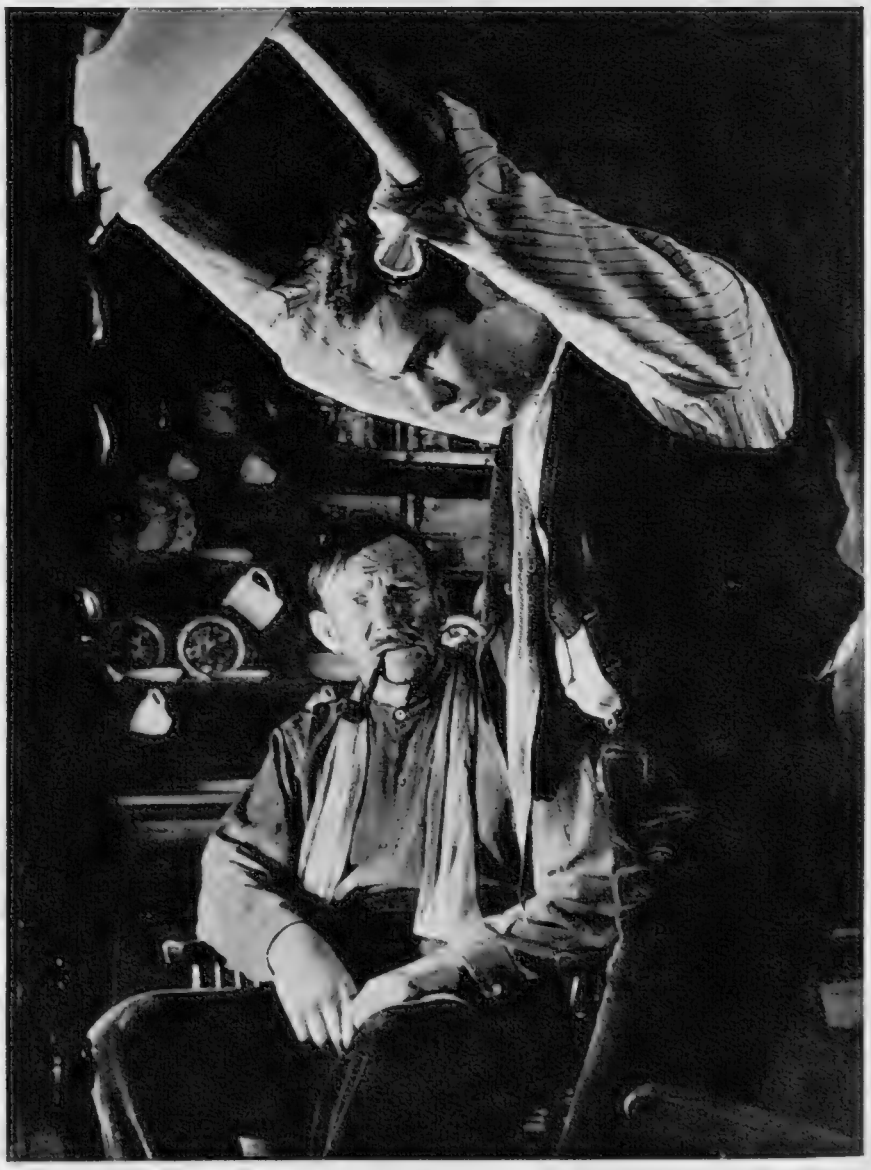
The film of D. H. Lawrence's novel is due to have its charity première on June 23 at the Carlton, Haymarket

Mr. Morel (Trevor Howard) sings a music-hall song, watched by Louisa (Rosalie Ashley), Mrs. Morel (Wendy Hiller) and Paul

Lawrence's largely autobiographical novel depicts his early life in the mining village of Eastwood, near Nottingham, at the turn of the century. The 20th Century-Fox version of the book has been directed by Jack Cardiff from a concise screenplay by Gavin Lambert and T. E. B. Clarke. Shot in black and white CinemaScope on locations in and around Eastwood and Nottingham, the film captures the mean streets, sparse winter landscapes and claustrophobic Victorian interiors of the novel. It deals with the two main themes of *Sons and Lovers*—the passionately close relationship between the hero, Paul, and his mother, Mrs. Morel, and Paul's successive affaires with Miriam Leivers and Clara Dawes. The version starts with Mrs. Morel's determination that her youngest son shall not follow his father down the mine—a decision enforced by the death of another son in a mining disaster. So Paul takes a job in Nottingham. There he meets Clara Dawes, separated from her husband and a believer in women's rights. But neither she nor Miriam, Paul's friend since childhood, provide what he is looking for, and after his mother's death he goes to London to study art and to be free. In Lawrence's novel, the father, although despised by his wife and son for his drunkenness, emerges as a sympathetic figure. This is further emphasised in the film by Trevor Howard's performance, which captures the savage humour and loneliness of a man shut out from his family. But the final impression, as in the novel, is of the grimy poverty and sudden moments of beauty of the Nottinghamshire landscape.

Mrs. Morel and the villagers of Eastwood run to the pithead after the news that there has been a mine disaster

Mr. Morel flings his son's dinner into the fireplace



Mr. Morel tries to talk to his son Paul after Mrs. Morel's death

THE VOICE OF THE COMMON-

CANADA

During a recent speech in Winnipeg, Canada's Minister of Finance, the Hon. Donald M. Fleming, outlined the Canadian Government's attitude to the problem of the Six and Seven in Europe.

. . . Canada's international economic policy is founded on principles of multilateralism; . . . we seek to safeguard our own commercial interests in a manner consistent with these principles and our obligations to those international institutions designed to preserve them; . . . we seek to expand our trade and economic interests in and through an expanding world economy.

Explaining that the Canadian Government followed the problem of the Six and Seven with " vigilant concern," Mr. Fleming went on to explain that:

Europe purchases 25 to 30 per cent. of our total exports. We annually sell about 500,000,000 dollars' worth of goods to the Six and about 900,000,000 dollars' worth to the Seven, principally the United Kingdom. Both the Six and the Seven represent important markets for our agricultural products. Therefore we have been and are concerned lest European trading arrangements should lead to inward-looking and discriminatory practices inconsistent with GATT objectives, either separately on the part of either the Six or the Seven, or collectively in any accommodation which might be sought between them, and thus to a breakdown of the world-wide trading system in the establishment of which we have all invested so much since the war.

Mr. Fleming emphasised the importance which Canada attaches to GATT (The General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade):

An important general tariff conference has been arranged by GATT to begin this September in Geneva and carry on into 1961. This tariff conference will offer a valuable opportunity to seek further reductions in tariff barriers between the members of the European groups, between them and the United States, between them and other trading countries, including Canada. Any reductions in tariffs by the Six and Seven which are extended to us will, of course, be taken into consideration by Canada during the forthcoming GATT tariff negotiations.

AUSTRALIA

Qantas, the Australian overseas airline, taking the broad view of promotion activities, has sent to London an exhibition of the work of Australia's contemporary architects. Arranged by the Royal Australian Institute of Architects, it can be seen in the Qantas offices in Piccadilly, a stimulating message from the architects of the new world. It is designed, say Qantas, to present in relatively compact form some indication of the scope and variety of contemporary building in a vast and swiftly changing country. It does not pretend to be comprehensive. But the selection of examples does range over a wide field of public, commercial and domestic architecture, and it shows that in the building boom now changing the face of the larger cities a lively modern school of architecture is exerting an important influence.

The now well-known billowing sail-like forms of Sydney's Opera House, which is being built on the shores of the famous Harbour, are illustrated by a model. This, however, is the design of a Danish architect, Joern Utzon. But the shallow dome-shape of Canberra's new Academy of Science headquarters, the radically designed Myer Music Bowl, in Melbourne, arresting factory and airport buildings, and a fascinating sampling of modern homes, are there to illustrate the lines on which native architecture is developing. Inevitably the exhibition reflects various influences of modern European and American architecture, for to-day these exports spread rapidly and widely around the world. The young Australian graduates, as a matter of course, seek to complete their education by travel abroad to assimilate these influences. But they have made many local adaptations and there are examples of an assertion of a national idiom.

The surge in Australian architecture derives some of its force from a keen and critical popular interest in new architectural ideas and from the spate of public discussion easily brought on by innovations in design. An interesting new home or public building is the excuse for the Sunday outing in the family car. Almost anybody in Melbourne will discuss the solutions arrived at in the construction of the modernistic Olympic swimming-pool or the latest Grounds or Romberg house. The people of Sydney will furiously debate the breathtaking lines of the Opera House and buy tickets in the State lottery to finance its construction, or take a trip to Circular Quay to admire the latest multi-storied office block with curtain walls of glass and aluminium. It is only in the last five to six years that the easing of building restrictions, intended to divert materials to house construction, has released the pent-up forces of public building. The resulting boom has stimulated the thinking of the architectural profession.

SOUTH AFRICA

On May 31 the Union of South Africa was fifty years old. It was on that day in 1910 that the two former colonies of Natal and the Cape of Good Hope and the two Boer republics—defeated in a war a decade before—united. The celebration of the fiftieth anniversary coincided with a continuing state of emergency in much of the country, and there were those who regarded the occasion and what it represented with qualification and misgiving. In Britain, the view was expressed that the high hopes of 1910 had been disappointed; that race policy had not followed the anticipated direction; that events suggested that Britain had handed over the destiny of the non-European population prematurely. In the shadow of Sharpeville, the state of emergency and the attack on the Prime Minister, such reactions are understandable. Nevertheless it is perhaps wise to try to stand back a little and view the state of the Union in the full context of present African affairs and of the history of the past half-century.

The present is a time of great confusion throughout the African Continent, from the Mediterranean to the Cape. Britain and other European powers have been in uninterrupted control of large parts of Africa for as long as the Union has existed, but it cannot fairly be said that their administration of affairs has been more successful in terms of over-all progress and human welfare. The Union's policy of separate race development is under heavy attack to-day, but here again it cannot be said that the success of policies designed for other multi-racial parts of the continent has yet been proved. Nor is there as yet any certainty that the emergence at this stage of new, independent states will hasten the creation of conditions for general progress and for harmony among Africa's manifold peoples.

Every part of Africa to-day is affected by the convulsion which the continent as a whole is experiencing. Accordingly it is misleading to hold particular policies responsible for the sporadic outbreaks of unrest which are occurring—whether in the Union, in the colonial territories or in the newly-independent states. Policies and regimes of whatever kind in Africa will inevitably be under great strain in the years ahead, and the outside world will help by withholding judgment and condemnation. As for the Union itself, it can draw confidence for the future from the many problems overcome and the many successes achieved since 1910. For a nation so young and complex it has a sound record of peace, order and stability—and that, indeed, is why the recent unrest and attempted assassination came as such a shock to the world.

Material progress has been remarkable; and the country's wealth is indicated by the increase in annual factory output from £17,000,000 in 1910 to £1,700,000,000 in 1960, and by its present annual external trade of £1,200,000,000. All sections of the community have shared in the prosperity. Per capita income throughout the working population has increased by 35 per cent. in the last ten years, and the general living conditions of the Bantu are such that they attract tens of thousands of natives from neighbouring territories each year. Advanced social welfare services are available for all groups, and it is expected that within a generation there will be universal literacy. It is substantial achievements such as these—built on steady work through fifty years—that provide the key to the Union's future.

PAKISTAN

The traditional arts and crafts in Pakistan that have come down the ages have so far remained untouched by the growing emphasis on industrialisation that has followed the country's emergence as a sovereign and independent State on August 14, 1947. The skill of Pakistani craftsmen continues to exhibit the ancient artistic traditions which have flourished in this region since prehistoric times. Excavations have proved that the ceramic industry was thriving in the Indus valley 5,000 years ago. Excavations last year at Kot Diji, West Pakistan, have revealed pottery and other objects of a still more ancient culture. The long span of time, punctuated by fresh and incessant waves of invaders and settlers, gave the country very exotic modes of art which, with the passage of time, became indigenous to the soil and blended with their local counterpart. The perfected motifs and decorations of objects of every-day use—clay, metal, wood, stone and fabrics—with the floral and geometrical designs, can be traced back to the Muslim influence over the ancient artistic traditions of this area.

The centuries-old tradition of artistic pottery provides the Pakistani potter with an instinctive understanding of the fundamental principles of decoration. Colour and ornamentation are always subordinate to form and it is this economy which gives Pakistan pottery its distinctive character. The glaze in turquoise blue, dark purple, green and brown with floral designs is a popular feature of the Pakistan earthenware. In West Pakistan, the glazed-ware is artistically produced at Hala, Sehwan, Hyderabad, Thatta, Lahore, Multan, and Jhung; while specimens of fine quality are available at Gujrat, Gujranwala, Montgomery, Jhelum, Rawalpindi, Kohat, Dera Ghazi Khan and Dera Ismail Khan. The glazed pottery of Sind, Punjab and the Frontier regions of West Pakistan, with turquoise blue and white floral motifs, has obvious traces of Turkish and Persian influence, dating as far back as the fifteenth century. The light blue glazed-ware comes from the Baluchistan area of West Pakistan, and its origin can be traced to the prehistoric times. Frontier regions have also adopted the use of yellow, brown and green

WEALTH

Canada and Europe's "Six" and "Seven"; South Africa's Golden Jubilee; The Arts in some Commonwealth Countries

colour glazes besides the traditional blue of their pottery, which consists of drinking bowls, cooking pots, plates, dishes, etc.

The towns of Bahawalpur and Multan specialise in extremely fine, light and elegantly designed pottery. The pottery of Multan and Bahawalpur is famous for its shape and simplicity and beauty of colouring, and is sometimes known as "Paper Pottery." Its fineness can be judged from the fact that a clay bowl large enough to hold a pint of water weighs hardly an ounce. The contours of the earthenware are never concealed beneath excessive ornamentation or colour. Only two colours are used at the same time, usually accenting with darker and lighter tones. These are the most graceful of Pakistani ceramic creations. The true blues, turquoise blues, greens, beige, and whites are blended to give truly magnificent results. In East Pakistan, pottery is made by hereditary potters. Dacca, capital of East Pakistan, and the areas surrounding it, are known for some of the best specimens of pottery. The black jars of Khulna are popular and are used for storing grain.

MALAYA

On June 6, 1960 the Prime Minister of New Zealand, the Rt. Hon. Walter Nash, C.H., M.P., declared open the Faculty of Agriculture, University of Malaya, Kuala Lumpur. The Rt. Hon. Walter Nash was on a two-day visit to the Federation of Malaya on his way back to New Zealand after attending the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference. It is very appropriate for the Prime Minister of New Zealand to declare open the Faculty of Agriculture, for it may be recalled that on September 21, 1959, the Government of the Dominion of New Zealand made a gift of M$2,142,000 with the intention that the money be applied in the establishment of a Faculty of Agriculture in the University of Malaya, so that facilities could be provided for advanced training to assist in the extension of the Federation's rubber, tobacco, rice and food production.

The University of Malaya had already established a department of Agriculture, having as its first professor a New Zealander. New Zealand's gift towards the establishment of a Faculty had no strings attached to it except the bonds of good will, and coming from a fellow member of the Commonwealth it provided new and striking proof of the value of that free association of free peoples, and the benefits to be derived under the Colombo Plan. Mr. Nash's two-day visit to the Federation was a very busy one. On the day of his arrival, June 5, he was received in audience by H.M. the Yang di-Pertuan Agong at the Istana Tetamu. On June 6 he flew to Taiping to visit the second battalion, New Zealand Regiment. He returned to Kuala Lumpur the same day to attend an official lunch given by the Deputy Prime Minister, Tun Abdul Razak, and the Cabinet at the Residency. After declaring open the Faculty of Agriculture he was entertained by the New Zealand High Commissioner at his residence before leaving for Singapore *en route* to his flight for Sydney.

Within the last few years since the Federation of Malaya achieved independence, much has been said and written about the flowering of art in Malaya and the growth of her culture. So much so, in fact, that one sometimes gets the impression that culture is a new thing introduced into the country by a band of crusading intellectuals. However, it is well known from time immemorial that any settled community of people have their own type of culture. Indeed, culture is intertwined with the life and development of any community and the degree of its growth depends on the growth and the progress of the people themselves and on their environment.

Painting is a facet of the culture of the people. This beautiful facet of Malayan culture was seen last month at the annual exhibition of the works of Malayan artists, held in Kuala Lumpur under the auspices of the Malayan Arts Council. The standard of pictures exhibited showed great improvement in Malayan art and compared favourably with that of previous years. One of the contributing factors, perhaps, is a growing awareness and appreciation of all the great works of art in the world. It should not be long before a Malayan school of painting emerges.

At present Malayan artists are greatly influenced by foreign schools of painting, both Asian and European, but in the process of time and with experience a distinctive Malayan art should evolve.

At this juncture of Malaya's history a new and dynamic spirit has permeated her people and her artists are already beginning to capture the spirit in their canvases. The time will soon come when Malayan art, like all other art, will depict with vigour and good sense the hopes, aspirations and achievements of her people.

The items in "The Voice of the Commonwealth" are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of "The Sphere"

Tunku Abdul Rahman, the Prime Minister of Malaya, signs the visitors' book after laying a wreath on the Tomb of the Unknown Warrior in Paris. He visited France on his way home from the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference in London

The Eastern Nigerian Commissioner, Mr. J. C. Achara (*right*), greeted Mr. B. C. Okwu, the Eastern Nigerian Minister of Information, when he arrived recently at London Airport for a ten-day visit to Britain. It was understood that Mr. Okwu's visit was in connection with the East Nigerian Television Service. Last Monday he was due to leave London for Geneva to attend the International Labour Organisation Conference

Mr. J. G. Beevor, vice-president of the International Finance Corporation; Mr. W. Rendell, general manager of the Colonial Development Corporation; and Dr. H. L. Van der Wyck, managing director of the Dutch firm V.K.C.M. and director of the Kilombero Sugar Company Ltd., are three of the six signatories of the agreement to invest £2,300,000 in the Kilombero Sugar Company, in Tanganyika. The project is to grow and mill sugar cane and refine sugar for the Tanganyikan market. The territory at present imports a great deal of its sugar and the new plant, which is expected to be producing 20,000 tons of refined sugar in 1962, will substantially reduce the imports

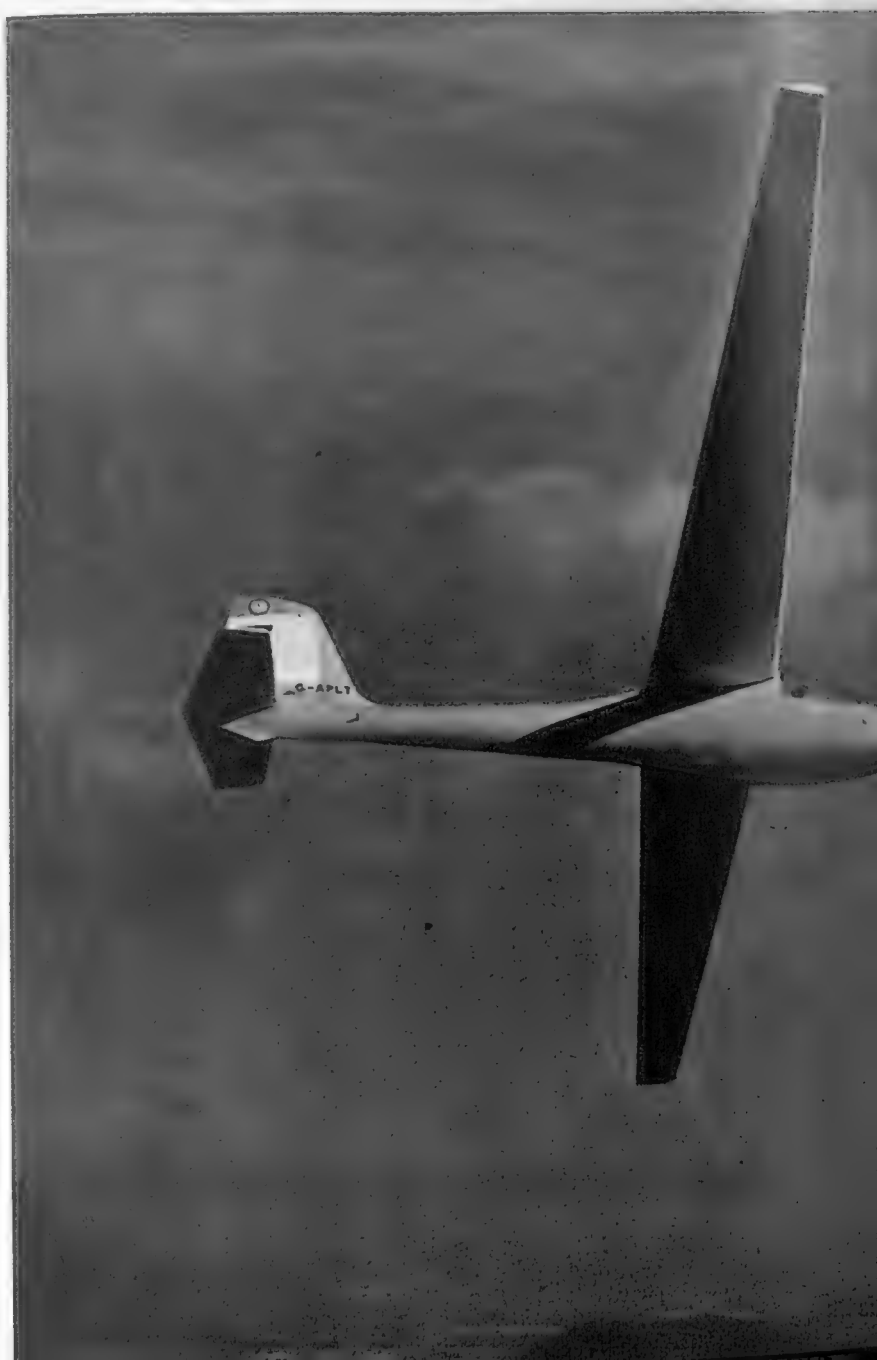
Colonel Deane-Drummond in his Skylark IIIF before leaving for Germany

WORLD GLIDING CHAMPIONSHIPS

This year's championships opened at the Butsweiler Hof Airfield, Cologne, on June 4. They have continued over the last fortnight and end on Sunday (June 19). Pilots in a varied assortment of gliders have entered from all over the world to take part in the rigorous tests of their skill and the design and performance of their aircraft. On the first day, for instance, 55 pilots from 23 nations set off on a 107-mile race to Coblenz and back. Since the city is situated at the confluence of two rivers it was easily identifiable in the fine weather. Later the weather broke and there were thunderstorms, but conditions remained favourable.

After the first few events Polish pilots were leading. In the open class of the race to Coblenz, E. Makula and J. Popiel won at an average of 47 m.p.h. They were flying Zefirs, a new Polish type of high-performance glider in which the pilot lies nearly horizontal to reduce the height of the fuselage. Of the British team, Colonel A. J. Deane-Drummond and Commander H. C. N. Goodhart were both well placed. Typical of the vagaries of air currents on which the gliders depend was the experience of the Polish pilots in the distance race on the route to Kiel. Makula and Popiel in the open class, and A. Witek in the standard class, flew the whole way in formation, until they had crossed the Elbe and reached Elmshorn. There Makula found a factory chimney which gave him an upward current. This enabled him to fly another six miles to win with a distance of 236 miles. His compatriots arrived at Elmshorn too low to take advantage of the current.

Aerobatics during the opening ceremonies of the championships at Cologne



Practising over Hampshire before going to the championships in Germany—Commander G. A. J. Goodhart in his Skylark 11b and (*below*) his brother, Commander H. C. N. Goodhart, in his Olympia 419 (left) with Colonel Deane-Drummond

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

CRICKET ON THE VILLAGE GREEN

" Cricket is the pastime of peasants." I have no doubt that whoever made that remark was a foreigner. You may remember that some wit (was it H. A. Vachell?) once said that England was separated from the rest of the world by an immense gulf called cricket. Anyway the foreigner was speaking contemptuously, in the " flannelled fools " tradition, but he was much nearer the truth than he realised. Cricket was, originally, the pastime of peasants. It was born in a village. Nobody knows which village, nor when. And it was a Hampshire village, Hambledon, which established the true tradition of cricket and made it the national game. It was the Hambledon men who brought character into the game. It is still on the village green that you will find the true character of cricket.

That may seem to be a large statement in these days of the County Championship and Test Matches, professionalism and all that. But remember that a professional, George Hirst (and he was not the least of them in stature and capability), once said: " There 's nowt like a game of cricket, lad. I said game. Cricket was never made for any championship. Cricket 's a game, not a competition."

Some people felt the same long before Hirst. " I doubt if there be any scene in the world more animating or delightful than a cricket-match: I do not mean a set match at Lord's Ground for money, hard money, between a certain number of gentlemen and players, as they are called—people who made a trade of that noble sport. . . . No! the cricket that I mean is a real old-fashioned match between neighbouring parishes, where each attacks the other for honour and a supper. . . . If there be any gentleman amongst them, it is well—if not, it is so much the better." That was written as long ago as 1832, long before W. G. Grace showed that cricket was " box-office ": and by a woman, Mary Mitford. I wonder what she would have thought of the modern County Championship?

I think it undeniable that when we watch a County match, we watch a competition rather than a game, a much duller competition (despite all the stress on " brighter cricket ") than when George Hirst was playing. I think it would be generally admitted, by those old enough to remember, that the first-class game is not as amusing as it was before the First World War, even as it was thirty years ago. One of the chief reasons for this is the disappearance of the amateur. The professional cannot afford to make mistakes and one amateur, not always a genuine one at that, in a team is not enough to make any difference.

So, with rare exceptions, you get the same game, careful and dull, overridden with " technique," no matter what side you watch. But I am sure that the real trouble, more even than the disappearance of the genuine amateur, more even than the over-carefully prepared wickets, is the length of the modern game. There is too much time: time to waste.

It is on record (from A. P. Wickham, the old Somerset wicket-keeper) that Grace, in an innings of over 200, did not allow half a dozen balls to pass the wicket unplayed. Watch a modern first-class batsman and notice how many balls, especially outside the off-stump, he leaves alone. Grace, playing to-day, would be considered rash, lacking in technique, would be accused of " flashing." But it is not just a matter of the modern batsman having a better technique: Grace would, surely, have made more runs on the beautiful modern wickets than ever he did on the old. It is a matter of time.

Cricket at its best is an afternoon game. I do not mean at its most skilful, though you will see as skilful cricket in the Lancashire League as you will anywhere. It is well to remember that Grace, even at his peak, played village cricket, Saturday afternoon cricket, for Thornbury. That was why he did not waste time letting balls go by unplayed. He was always a village cricketer at heart; and he brought the character, the spice, of village cricket to Lord's. There is no one to do that now: the last that I can remember was Smith, once of Wiltshire and later of Middlesex. But there is still the character (and genuine characters) and the spice about the Saturday afternoon game in the meadow.

A Whit Sunday match on the village green at Wraysbury, Buckinghamshire

Village cricket is not quite the same as it was in my day. Some of the colour has departed. The team I used to make nought for boasted only three pairs of white flannels between them; bats and pads (there were few of either) were common property, and there were only three batting-gloves between the lot of us. In my day, selection for the team did not depend entirely upon performance. If you had a car, you were quite certain of selection: transport was always a problem. No longer do you see corduroys or grey flannels and braces, and one pad (usually on the wrong leg): now, the whole eleven turns out in immaculate white, all wear two pads, and most have their own bats. Batting-gloves are *de rigueur*. And transport is no longer a problem.

The standard, with all this evidence of " never having had it so good," ought to be higher, since selection is now, more or less, on merit. I cannot say that it is. Eighty runs all told is still almost certainly good enough for a win: four innings in an afternoon is still by no means uncommon. The character of the game has not altered at all; only the dress. The element of chance looms as large as ever, overriding skill. There is nothing like village cricket for putting you in your place.

The spice that Grace brought to the game lives on. Grace was a countryman and he had all the countryman's relish in stealing a march. He would, I have always thought, have made a marvellously successful horse-coper. Neville Cardus (I think it was) once asked a professional, who had played a lot with Grace, if the Doctor cheated. " The Old Man cheat ? " was the reply. " Not he: he was too clever for that." Grace knew the laws, he was a figure larger than life and well able to steal a march: though I doubt if he was ever quite so successful in that way down at Thornbury, where he was up against his like.

Village cricket (and heaven be praised !) is full of Graces. They may not have his knowledge of the laws and they certainly have not his skill, but they play the game as he did: with relish, with zest and without unction. They are always prepared to steal a march, but they rarely have the chance: the village Graces cancel themselves out. So do the umpires. A fast bowler is essential in village cricket, though it is the very slow bowlers who take the wickets: the longer the ball takes to get to the other end, the more likely is the batsman's attention to wander. But a good umpire is even more essential. It is well known that the umpires of all other villages are deaf and short-sighted, though never unfair. Yet the other day, looking through a village scorebook, I came across this entry in the " How Out " column: the one word " umpired." There was no mention of the bowler. Even village scorers have character. But I wonder what that umpire can have done ? It must have been something really exceptional. I mean something really exceptionally clever.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS CRICKET

SHERBORNE V. WESTMINSTER

C. J. Broadhurst (Westminster) falls to M. P. B. Falconer (Sherborne)

Right: N. R. H. Parker (Sherborne) in fine form

Westminster, with nine of last year's eleven in their team, must have been favourites for this two-day match at the end of last month. Perfect weather and a perfect batting wicket awaited them when they arrived at Sherborne, but the home side had the luck of the toss.

At the end of the first hour's play, during which one wicket fell, 130 runs were on the board. This was an astonishing rate of scoring. N. R. H. Parker had joined A. R. Brown, one of last year's players, and kept up the pace. By lunch these two had taken the score to 181. They continued to play the experienced Westminster bowlers confidently until, with the score at 202, Parker's wicket fell when he had scored 70. Two quick wickets followed, but Brown was well set and was 125 not out when Sherborne declared at 264 for 4.

D. K. Geddes, who opened the bowling for Sherborne last year, produced a steady length with good results in this match. He took seven Westminster wickets for 80 runs, but a fine stand, and a vital century from D. G. C. Presbury, gave the visitors a comfortable score. Overnight they were 183 for 8, and they added 56 the next morning.

Batting for the second time, Sherborne made 173 for 3 before declaring. Westminster had scored 70 for 3 when play closed, and the match was drawn.

Sherborne, led by their captain, J. R. H. Mermagen, take the field

M. A. Hall, captain of Westminster, leads his team from the pavilion

A. R. Brown (Sherborne) sweeps a ball from the wicket

D. G. C. Presbury (Westminster) survives an appeal for a catch at the wicket

GABOR DENES

YACHTING

It is hard to imagine for the British yachtsman the intense interest taken in the Newport to Bermuda Race—which starts this Saturday—by his colleagues on the other side of the Atlantic. Neither money nor effort is spared in designing, building and fitting out vessels with this one particular event in view, such is the enormous prestige attached to successful participation in this classic Ocean Race.

The distance from the Brenton Reef Light vessel off Newport, Rhode Island, to Bermuda is 625 miles, almost the same as the course of the Fastnet Race, but there the similarity ends. The character of the course and the hazards are quite different—a straight line across the sea, no navigational hazards in the shape of rocks nor outlying islands, but no lee from the land neither boltholes in need. Added risks are the possibility of tropical squalls of great ferocity, and the great variability of the current of the Gulf Stream, about 160-180 miles wide, right across the path of the race. Wind against this current can produce very rough seas. Constant watch must be kept for the squalls, since the main may have to be lowered quickly to avoid being knocked down.

There might be as many as 150 starters; these will most likely be divided into four equal classes according to their ratings. Three British entries this year are the Hon. Max Aitken's *Drumbeat*, T. W. M. Steele's *Belmore*, lent to the Royal Naval Sailing Association and sailed by Commander Erroll Bruce with an R.N. and R.M. crew, and *Danegeld*, entered by the Island Sailing Club of Cowes and sailed by her owner, Bobby Lowein.

I was discussing the chances of these boats with Max Aitken shortly before his departure for the race, and he emphasised the tremendous odds against any British entry. He said that, before each Bermuda Race, a number of boats are specially designed and built for the race for money-no-object owners some of whom bank on light weather and others on a heavy-weather race. So whatever kind of race it turns out to be, the British yacht has to compete with the best the Americans can produce.

His own boat, *Drumbeat*, is taking part for the second time; in 1958 she was fifth in class "A" in moderately light weather. Conditions when there is a good steady breeze, but not too much of it, suit *Drumbeat* best. She is crewed by a strong R.O.R.C. crew; Mr. Aitken's No. 1 is Major Gerald Potter, and his navigator Commander Coote. Max Aitken thought that *Danegeld* has a very good chance, especially in light weather conditions, as she is probably the smallest boat in the race. In fact, she is racing at a higher rating than her true one, as this would not have allowed her to take part according to the C.C.A. (Cruising Club of America) Rule, which is different from that of the R.O.R.C. In spite of this penalty, Bobby Lowein—Yachtsman of the Year—should do well with her.

Belmore was third in her class the last time (in 1958, the year in which she had been built), when she was skippered by Capt. John Illingworth, who designed her. Racing against these, in addition to the latest creations of the top American designers, are some of the older American boats known over here: *Windigo*, *Gesture*, *Carina*, *Figaro*, *White Mist*, and above all Carleton Mitchell's *Finisterre* with the rare achievement of two previous wins (1956 and 1958) to her credit.

The Transatlantic Race from Bermuda to Sweden which follows—about 3,500 sea miles—is expected to have about twenty starters, a record fleet for any transatlantic race. It will again include the three British boats, but *Drumbeat* will be sailed by Gerald Potter instead of the owner.

One of the British entries in the Newport to Bermuda Race is Max Aitken's *Drumbeat*, which was well placed in 1958

Left: At Portsmouth, the Rev. Basil Watson, Chaplain to H.M.S. *Vernon*, blesses *Belmore* before she sets sail for America

Danegeld, which is smaller than the other competitors, is expected to give a good account of herself under the guidance of the Yachtsman of the Year, Bobby Lowein

The 10th green on the Men's Course. In the background, left, is the Pagoda at Kew Gardens

BRITAIN'S GREAT GOLF CLUBS

ROYAL MID-SURREY

Although only eight miles from Hyde Park Corner, the course in the Old Deer Park at Richmond still has an almost rural setting. Golf was first played in the Park in 1892 and it was the original course of the Richmond Golf Club, which moved the next year to Petersham. It left behind a splinter group which became the Mid-Surrey in October of 1893. During the club's early years, the famous "bumps and hollows" of the course were constructed. Since then there has been no major alteration, except that the first hole was shortened to 220 yards when a new club-house was built in 1937. There are to-day two full courses, the Men's and the Ladies', although these names are somewhat misleading, since both sexes have considerable playing rights on both courses, and lady members suffer no restrictions as to times of play.

In 1926, the then Prince of Wales became captain of the club, bestowing upon it the title of "Royal." Although many well-known golfers have been members, no Men's Amateur Championship has been won from the club. The nearest was in 1902 when Mr. S. H. Fry went down by one hole at Hoylake, after having been eight down with twelve to play. Mr. Fry, who is now 91, is father of the club. Many times an international, he went round the course in 75, then bogey, when he was over eighty. The ladies at the Royal Mid-Surrey have three championships to their credit, and a past professional J. H. Taylor won three of his five Open Championships from the club. His successor, Henry Cotton, also won the Open while at the club. The present professional, J. Adams, holds the professional record for the main course of 65: the standard scratch score is 73.

Mr. S. H. Fry; Mr. D. G. Snodgrass (senior vice-president); Mr. J. D. Haslam (captain); Miss E. J. Seeley (ladies' captain); Mr. W. M. Wadham-Smith (vice-captain); Mr. J. Adams (the professional); and Lieut.-Colonel L. W. Hitchcock (secretary)

Miss Mary Leighton, Mr. E. Jackson, Mr. L. Scott, Mr. G. Hulbert, Mr. J. Darch

Right:
Mr. J. H. Payne drives, watched by Mr. W. M. Wadham-Smith

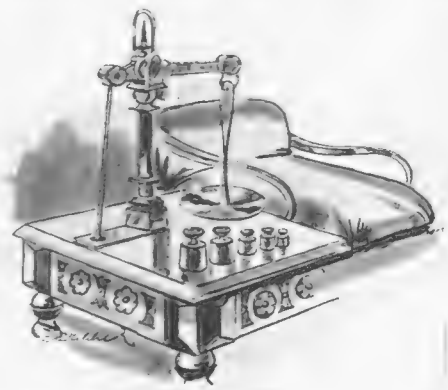
Miss P.Turnbull, Col. P. D. Weir, Mr. H. Tickler, Miss J. Gordon

A New Bond Street firm with a history of over 130 years

SHOPS FOR GENTLEMEN No. 6

BEALE & INMAN

Drawings by Geoffrey S. Fletcher



Old scales for weighing customers

Shirts recently have been in the news because of a controversial correspondence in the London *Times* about how they should be packaged. If one wanted to learn the right answer to this question one could undoubtedly hear it at Beale and Inman Ltd., Shirtmakers and Hosiers, of New Bond Street, London. They know everything about shirts. The firm has been at its present site since 1828, although to-day's shop dates only from 1915. The present Governing-Director, Mr. Victor Inman, is of the fourth generation of his family to be in the business. Portraits and framed documents on the walls of the shop testify to a highly distinguished clientele, including members of several Royal families. Charles Dickens paid a bill by cheque for £34 5s. on March 6, 1859. As Mr. Baker, the shop manager, remarks, it was a sizeable sum for those days.

As in tailoring, so in shirtmaking, the cutter is the important craftsman. He has to be able to deal with the many variations demanded by the idiosyncrasies of customers in regard to such matters as width of collar or style of cuffs. Incidentally, collars and cuffs wear out more quickly than the " body " of a shirt. So Beale and Inman are ready to provide new collars and cuffs for an old shirt.

The Bond Street shop is not only concerned with shirts. Hosiery covers a wide range of garments. Dressing-gowns; pyjamas; vests; pants; socks; cardigans; pullovers; woollen jackets; and the like. Beale and Inman make all sorts of ties, including the Old School, College or Regimental variety.

The business has a large overseas trade, especially in Canada and the United States. Mr. Baker, on his visits to North America, has to remember that local terminology regards him as a " haberdasher." A talk with him about the differences in fashion between, say, Montreal and Toronto or Boston and New York makes one realise that top-grade shirtmakers and hosiers are also serious students of social behaviour.

One of the counters in the shop

At the Fisheries Research Station at Mazoe, Southern Rhodesia, African assistants gather specimens from one of the research ponds

FISH RESEARCH IN RHODESIA

At stations throughout the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, research is being carried out on the best methods of increasing the protein content in fish and the best ways of stocking dams, including the vast waters of the lake at Kariba. In charge of the Federal Fisheries Research Station at Mazoe, in Southern Rhodesia, is Dr. Alexander Maar, who came to the colony in 1950, after spending a number of years as a fishery biologist in Stockholm. Under his supervision as Chief Fisheries Officer, the dams in Southern Rhodesia have nearly all been stocked with various types of fish, a commodity which forms a large part of the African's diet. At Mazoe itself, there are 40 acres under water and a 32-acre dam, built in order to experiment with the best ways of fertilising the fish.

Dr. Maar, the Chief Fisheries Officer, helps gather specimens and (*below*) is at work in the aquarium house

Dr. Maar examines specimens of preserved fish

TRAVEL

TOURING THE WYE VALLEY

By GORDON COOPER

Whenever some overseas friend comes to London and expresses a wish to see the best of rural England I recommend a visit to the Wye Valley, for I know no other part of our country which excels it in beauty, while in addition it possesses many places of historic interest. It is its variety which also makes a holiday there so attractive. Think what you can see: the Valley itself (sometimes called the " Rhineland of England," to me an odious phrase and quite inapplicable), the Black Mountains and the Royal Forest of Dean, still one of our largest forests.

There are also the lovely old towns and the villages with their half-timbered buildings. There is the Welsh Border, redolent with tales of war and romance; the Wye forms parts of the old frontier between England and Wales, and one encounters that " foreign " atmosphere which adds spice to a holiday. And at Beachley a breath of the sea. As for the angler—well, the Wye is an angler's paradise, and it abounds in salmon.

The Wyedean area is compact and possesses numerous admirable centres from which the countryside can be explored. Perhaps Ross-on-Wye is as good a base as any from which to visit the most beautiful part of the river, and it has some good hotels, notably four Trust houses, the Royal being especially recommended, while the Valley Hotel has a particularly lovely garden. The Pengethley Hotel, quietly situated at Harewood End, four miles from Ross, off the main Hereford road, is another special recommendation.

Other suggestions are Rhayader, Llandrindod Wells and Builth Wells for the upper reaches of the Wye; Hay, Hereford, Monmouth, Tintern and Chepstow for the central and lower reaches of the river. In the heart of the Forest of Dean, for centuries a Royal hunting ground, there is the ancient Speech House Hotel (a Trust house), where the Verderers' Court, said to have been established by King Canute, still holds its occasional meetings. Standing in an isolated position, this hotel offers its guests four-poster beds and open log fires.

The Wye takes its rise on Plynlimon, a heather-clad mountain whose mass dominates Central Wales. One hundred and thirty miles further south it empties its waters into the estuary of the River Severn, near Beachley. Rhayader, twenty miles from the source of the river, is the first place of importance. It is a good centre for excursions to Aberystwyth—the sea is only forty miles away—Devil's Bridge, Plynlimon, and the Elan Valley (often called the " Lakeland of Wales ").

A little farther downstream the Wye is joined by the Ithon, a tributary on which is situated Llandrindod Wells, the largest of the Welsh spas and a good walking centre. Builth Wells, lower down on the Wye, lies amid some of the loveliest reaches of the river. Brecon, away over the moors, is an old county town that merits visiting. It is full of interesting things, an old castle, cathedral, quaint streets and old buildings.

Hereford, the biggest town on the Wye, comes next. It has all the charm of an old-world cathedral city and the bustle of a thriving agricultural market town. Its beautiful eleventh-century cathedral contains, among other treasures, a map of the world made about the year 1313, and a chained library of 1,440 books. There are many other ancient buildings in this town, while within easy reach are the black-and-white villages of Weobley, Eardisland, Mansell Lacey and others. I always think of Weobley as being one of the loveliest villages in England. Altogether, a week's touring in the surroundings of Hereford can be most rewarding.

I like the approach to Ross-on-Wye, a town built on a hill overlooking the Wye; and the view from the Prospect is charming. Nearby is Ross Parish Church, with its " heaven-directed spire " as the poet Pope described it. Also of outstanding interest in Ross is the Man of Ross House, built by John Kyrle, the " Man of Ross," in the time of Charles II. He was a man particularly renowned for his benefactions and public spirit, and also for his loyalty to the Stuarts.

The favourite excursion from Ross is down the Wye to Symond's Yat, where the river doubles back upon itself, so that it flows five miles to reach a spot only 400 yards distant in a straight line. The Yat Rock rises sheer from the river for several hundred feet, and the view from the summit extends over seven counties. Needless to say, Symond's Yat is a magnet during the summer for dozens of coach excursions.

Not far from Symond's Yat is Goodrich Castle, revealing its grandeur on a cliff-side above the Wye. The existing keep is Norman, of about 1170, and the rest a rectangular building of the fourteenth century, with a tower at each corner. In the Civil War it was the last castle to hold out for the King, and at the end of the war it was dismantled.

Next to Ross I consider Monmouth to be a good centre for excursions. Its Trust house, the Angel, is a congenial place in which to lodge. Everyone must be familiar with the town's fortified Monnow Gate, surmounting the ancient bridge which spans the river. But, apart from this relic, Monmouth has not much to show of its quite remarkable past except in its Local History Centre which is housed in the Nelson Museum and contains what is probably the finest of all collections of Nelson relics. The History Museum shows all aspects of the town and the surrounding neighbourhood.

The town is an excellent base for lovely walks, while the district might well be termed " The Land of Castles," for there are so many ruined strongholds within easy reach. Perhaps the most impressive is Raglan Castle, a combination of medieval fortifications with the splendour

BACK TO THE OLD SCHEDULE FOR THE GOLDEN ARROW

Everyone will be delighted to hear that the Golden Arrow, the all-Pullman express train between London and Paris, will once again leave Victoria at 11 a.m. each day instead of 1 p.m., arriving at the Gare du Nord at ten past six in the evening. This journey, which in many ways is preferable to travelling by air to Paris, has never been the same since the time of departure was put back. The seven-hour journey in the old days never seemed so long, due perhaps to that excellent lunch served on the other side of the Channel, which always resulted in the last three hours being spent sleeping or dozing in a comfortable armchair. You arrived in Paris refreshed, in good time to settle down in your hotel and consider where it would be best to dine. The one o'clock departure made the journey tedious in comparison.

The return service leaves Paris at 12.45 p.m., arriving in London at ten minutes to eight in the evening. Once again the timing enables you to lunch in state.

The Simplon-Orient Express will now leave Paris at 7.28 p.m. instead of 9.05 p.m., and will reach Belgrade at ten minutes before midnight on the second day, instead of arriving at six o'clock on the third day. Through cars will no longer be available from Calais, nor will passengers from Milan be catered for. A new train, however, the Lombard Express, will run between Paris and Milan overnight, giving a substitute service.

Second-class passengers will now be able to travel on the Rome Express, although sleeping-car passengers will no longer be able to use this train for journeys from Paris to Florence or Naples. They will have to travel on the Simplon-Orient Express instead.

Fares on British Railways were increased from June 12, 1960, only on journeys less than 275 miles. The price of tickets, therefore, between London, Glasgow, Edinburgh and Dublin remains unchanged. All fares for tickets up to 200 miles were increased to 2½d. per mile, but there was a smaller increase for fares for journeys up to 275 miles. First-class fares remain 50 per cent. higher than second-class fares.

A winter cruise has just been announced by Royal Mail Lines for the R.M.S. *Andes*, sailing from Southampton on January 10, 1961, and returning to that port on February 28. The extensive itinerary includes Las Palmas, Barbados, Jamaica, Vera Cruz in Mexico, Antigua, St. Lucia, Trinidad and Tangier. Fares range, according to accommodation, from £495 to £1,220. Bookings can now be made at any travel agent.

The services by the Greek Line Q.S.S. *Arkadia* to Lisbon, Madeira, Tenerife, Las Palmas and Casablanca for next winter and spring will begin on December 18, and go on, at approximately two-week intervals, until April 8. Ports of call will vary from voyage to voyage, but Madeira, Tenerife and Casablanca will be included in them all. This will enable passengers to disembark in Madeira, the Canaries and Morocco and return to Southampton by a later sailing. It will be possible to stay on board for the entire duration of the cruise.

The same steamship line is running a forty-nine-day Mediterranean and Black Sea cruise in the T.S.S. *Olympia* in conjunction with the Q.S.S. *Arkadia*. Minimum fare, including four days in Lisbon, is £355. Date of departure is January 25 from Southampton, returning on March 14. **W.D.C.C.**

and magnificence of Tudor architecture. The moat-encircled Yellow Tower of Gwent is especially notable. Also, there is the White Castle, a few miles to the north, with Skenfrith and Grosmont castles in the Monnow Valley, built to defend the Norman sphere of influence known as "The Monmouthshire Trilateral."

Eleven miles south of Monmouth and five miles north of Chepstow is Tintern Abbey, a most beautiful ruin. It derives much of its attractiveness from its exquisite setting on a bend of the river, surrounded by wood-covered hills. This Cistercian abbey was founded by de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, in the year 1131. The existing buildings date from 1270 to 1300, a time of transition from the Early English to the Decorated style, of which it is a perfect example. The church is nearly intact, except for the roof, with a remarkably fine west window and doorway, but only fragments of the monastic buildings remain. The Abbey was dissolved by Henry VIII in 1537 when thirteen monks remained.

Southwards a magnificent view of the river valley is obtained from the Wyndcliff, a position comparable only with the better-known Symond's Yat. And then comes Chepstow. The George Hotel there has part of its garden wall forming a side of the historic castle. Chepstow Castle was an important link during the Civil Wars in the Royalist line of communications, and, later, became a State Prison, first used by Cromwell, and secondly by the restored Stuarts who for twenty years kept Henry Marten, one of King Charles' judges, in the comfortable rooms of the Tower named after him.

Chepstow is a fascinating town in which to browse and among its interesting sights are the town gate (now a museum) and the bridge, and the parish church, formerly a Benedictine priory which contains much Norman work. The church registers date back to 1595. Though Chepstow is no longer famous as a port, as it once was, it is close to the ferry service between Beachley, its seaside resort, and Aust. This ferry is said to date from Roman times, and to-day it enables the traveller to visit easily such West Country centres as Wells and Glastonbury.

Beachley, by the way, possesses one of the biggest outdoor swimming pools in Britain,

Capler Hill near Hereford

The Wye at Ross from the Prospect

while from Chepstow motor-bus services fan out in every direction: along the Wye Valley; into the Forest of Dean; to the Roman cities of Caerwent and Caerleon, the latter with its Roman amphitheatre; to Tidenham Chase, with its fine views over the Severn Estuary; to St. Briavels, with its ancient castle which is now a youth hostel; to the old-world village of Mathern with its Bishop's Palace; and to the little port of Lydney.

The Forest of Dean still retains its wooded character. It has never lacked importance in the history of our country. Prehistoric remains have been found there in caves on the Great Doward Hill; standing stones of the Neolithic Period survive at Staunton, Stroat and near Symond's Yat; Iron Age camps and earthworks are scattered over the whole area. Offa's Dyke bisects the Forest from north to south.

During the last war the Forest was of vital importance. Over a quarter was felled to provide timber and save shipping space. The work of replanting, however, is being systematically undertaken. A multitude of trades is still maintained by the Forest. There are timber industries, and the "Free Miners" have the right to dig for minerals or quarry for stone within the confines of the Forest. The qualification is that a man must have been born of a free father and worked for at least a year and a day in a mine. The ancient custom by which a free miner swears an oath holding a holly stick in his hand is thought to date back to the time when the mines were worked by the Romans, or even earlier—certainly about 1300, during the reign of Edward I, they were said to have existed "time out of mind." Incidentally, three small mines are still producing coal in this district.

In spite of the activities of man the Forest still remains a sanctuary for wild life. Deer have disappeared from the Forest of Dean although a small herd survives in the Highmeadow Woods near Symond's Yat. Foxes and badgers, however, still have their haunts and the otter its home in the Forest ponds.

The Wye Valley and Royal Forest of Dean Tourist Board, Ross-on-Wye, will deal with queries and they also publish a useful handbook (2s. 6d.).

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by Tom Hustler

Sir Roy Dobson

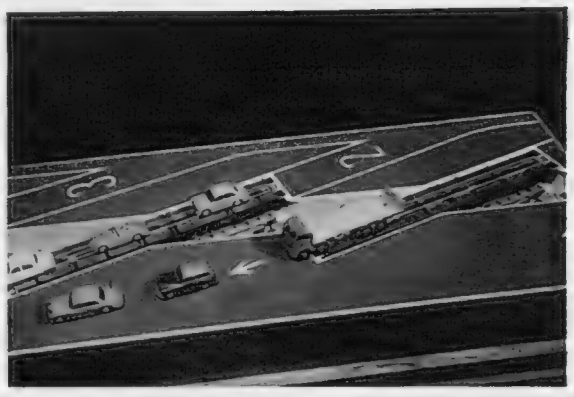
Following the Government-inspired rationalisation of the British aircraft industry, Sir Roy Dobson, Managing Director and vice-Chairman of the Hawker Siddeley Group, has emerged as one of the most influential figures in this vast industry. The Group's aviation division consists of Avro, Armstrong Whitworth, Blackburn, Folland, Gloster, Hawker Aircraft, and de Havilland. Sir Roy is a member of the pioneering generation of British aviators. He was born in Yorkshire in 1891, and after serving his apprenticeship in a Manchester firm, he joined A. V. Roe as an engineer. Rising through the ranks of works manager, general manager and director, he became Managing Director in 1941. During the war years he organised the production of the R.A.F.'s Lancaster bombers. After the war, Avro having been part of the Hawker Siddeley Group since 1935, Sir Roy Dobson was the architect of Hawkers' incursion into other industrial fields, with the acquisition of the Brush Group and Dominion Steel and Coal, and the expansion of A. V. Roe Canada to produce aircraft, ships, steel and coal. But, despite this diversification, the Managing Director has never relinquished Hawker's interests in aircraft. Members of the Group are now developing, for instance, the D.H.121 jet airliner for BEA, the Avro 748 turboprop airliner and the Armstrong Whitworth Argosy freighter. Sir Roy is a member of the Council of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors. He became a Fellow of the Royal Aeronautical Society in 1941, was made a C.B.E. in 1942, and knighted in 1945. He has one son and one daughter: his wife died in 1954 and a second son was killed in an air accident in 1946. Besides the pioneer's ever-present interest in aircraft, Sir Roy's recreations are fishing, shooting and sailing

VIEWS ABOUT THE CHANNEL TUNNEL

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

Nobody could complain that the present Government is an unsympathetic one towards businessmen seeking national assistance; but benefits seem to depend somewhat upon the record of past employment, and it is as well to make sure of one's place in the queue. In the case of certain steel and motor companies, indeed, this financial assistance has been pressed upon companies as an inducement to do things where they would probably not have done them otherwise; the aircraft industry has a very long-standing claim upon the defence departments; and the commitment to help replace the Queen liners was part of the election programme upon which the Government was elected. Even so, the dispensing of national assistance of this kind has become fairly controversial; and the Channel Tunnel Study Group was perhaps rather unlucky in making its own appeal for support and guarantees at a time when other commitments of public money to private enterprise had been raising some eyebrows among the Government's back benchers. Up to the time of writing, the Government had made no statement about its attitude towards the tunnel project; but there have been hints that it is far from enthusiastic about giving the enterprise any direct support. The Government's latest swing of mood towards closer co-operation with the European Common Market, however, might increase its sympathy with the idea of a tunnel.

It would in any case be unfair to rank the tunnel with other cases of established private enterprise seeking or accepting Governmental assistance; any new link between nations separated by the sea must inevitably, from the beginning, be largely governed by political decisions, quite apart from its financing. The political considerations involved can vary from time to time: the first recorded proposal of such a tunnel in 1802 was indeed made to the Emperor Napoleon at a time when he was considering the invasion of England, and this fact seems never to have been forgotten by some of Britain's most distinguished soldiers. On the several occasions during the past century when the idea has been revived, its motives have been more pacific—indeed soothing, as witnessed by Queen Victoria, who in 1867, after a rough Channel crossing, promised a French engineer working on plans for a tunnel "my blessing in my personal name and in the name of all the ladies of England." In the seventies a joint Anglo-French project did get as far as elaborate geological studies and shafts for reconnaissance tunnels on both sides of the Channel. But this work, begun in 1881, had to be stopped two years later when the British Government, mainly as a result of military arguments, forbade the Channel Tunnel Company to proceed.



The model shows one of the methods devised for loading and unloading vehicles on and off rail cars at the Channel Tunnel Interport, for which part of a proposed layout is on the right. This shows passenger and freight platforms and customs areas. The models were designed and built by Brian Colquhoun and Partners, consulting engineers, of London, for their clients Mitchell Engineering Ltd.

That is as far, physically, as development has ever proceeded. The British and French companies remained in being, studying the possibilities and alert to shifts in public opinion on the matter. French public authorities were in favour after the 1914-18 war; in 1930 a British committee declared itself for the tunnel, but the Commons, by the narrow majority of 179 votes to 172, was against it. After the second world war a British Parliamentary committee was set up to lobby for the Channel. In 1957 the Suez Canal Company, expelled from its own sphere of legitimate enterprise by the Egyptian Government, lent its weight to a new initiative regarding the tunnel: a Study Group was set up, comprising the British and French Channel Tunnel Companies, the Suez Canal group, and Technical Studies Incorporated of New York. This is the group that has produced the latest report; whether or not its suggestions are ever translated into reality, they appear to be based upon the most thorough examination of trends and possibilities in cross-Channel transport ever made.

The present volume of traffic moving between Britain and the Continent is of the order of 6,000,000 passengers a year and about 10,500,000 tons of goods. This moves from a variety of sea and air ports; by sea ferry, cargo boat, ordinary airliner, and specialised car-carrying air ferry. The Transport Commission seldom indicates which of its services are profitable in a commercial sense, within its whacking total deficit on current operations; it seems probable that certain of its cross-Channel services, such as the Harwich ferry which carries a lot of military traffic, and its specialised car ferries across the short sea route, are the more profitable propositions, whereas other services to the Continent may not pay. Airlines, again, offer no profit and loss account for particular routes, and few airlines make very large profits; however, some of the shorter trips to the Continent, such as the London-Paris service, appear to be among their busiest and most lucrative routes. Silver Cities Ltd. and Air Ferry Ltd., which fly cars and their passengers across the short hops to the Continent, are among the most successful of Britain's private airlines.

To-day, as in 1867, the ladies of England would probably welcome the chance of a Channel crossing guaranteed free of *mal de mer*. The Study Group's consultants, therefore, reckon that a very large share of all travel to the Continent would be diverted to any tunnel; they can count upon a steady increase in travel to the Continent in any case; and experience of the provision of greatly improved transport facilities on any route teaches that a further significant margin of traffic is actually "created" by the chance to get there more easily. They reckoned, therefore, that nearly 60 per cent. of all passengers travelling to the Continent would go by tunnel (in the case of a railway tunnel), and probably 90 per cent. of all vehicles—traffic given so much easier a passage could be expected to increase very rapidly.

The highest volume of traffic, the Study Group reckoned, would certainly be attracted by some form of tunnel that could carry both road vehicles and passengers; and out of various alternative proposals it has suggested that in the first stage at least, the tunnel (or immersed tube) should carry a railway rather than a road. A tunnel carrying a roadway alone would involve some problems of ventilation, possible breakdowns, strain on drivers going twenty miles or more in a tunnel, and would have a lower traffic capacity; it would also cost £129,000,000 to £152,000,000, against say £109,000,000 for a railway tunnel. These involve the boring of conventional tunnels; an immersed tube, prefabricated in sections laid in a trench excavated on the sea-bed, and then covered in, might cost more but could probably be completed in four years, against five for the bored tunnels.

The group's report, when published, drew some criticism upon itself of the financial guarantees that it suggested the British and French Governments might give to private investors who might be prepared to find most of the capital. For an enterprise costing some £130,000,000 in all, it suggested that the nationalised railways system might provide and finance the rail installations involved, costing some £30,000,000. Of the remaining £100,000,000, some £20,000,000 might be in the form of ordinary risk capital and £80,000,000 in fixed interest bonds. The return on these, it suggested, should be guaranteed by the governments concerned; the enterprise should be excused company taxation; and certain other guarantees might be advisable. It seems rather doubtful whether all these guarantees would in fact be forthcoming from the British and French Governments; on the other hand, the group might be ready to go forward without some of them.

So far, the Channel tunnel project has received some criticism; not much actual opposition, except from technicians in other spheres who would prefer to wait for cross-channel hovercraft or who think the future lies entirely in the air; rather a large degree of apathy. Its future, once again, lies entirely in the hands of the governments of two countries which are not, at this moment, on quite as close terms as they have sometimes been during the history of this idea. But it may yet come off.

The concrete piers will carry the approach viaduct on the northern side of the Thames from the entrance of the Dartford-Purfleet tunnel built under the river. The road will cross the Fenchurch Street-Tilbury railway, pass over the A 126, and end in a roundabout on the A 13. **Right:** Concrete is smoothed in between the foundation piles for one of the piers, which will carry the two 24-ft. carriageways of the approach

Inside the tunnel deposits of water and mud are cleaned away as part of the final preparations, before work starts on the roadway

THE NEW THAMES TUNNEL

The Dartford-Purfleet tunnel, now being constructed downstream from the congested Blackwall and Rotherhithe tunnels, will enable about 2,000,000 vehicles a year to cross the Thames between the north and south banks. Last year the actual tunnelling was completed, and work is now in hand for the final waterproofing of the cast-iron sections and preparations for laying the 21-ft. carriageway. The approach road on the northern or Essex bank is being built, and it is expected that the contract for the southern approach road, running to a two-level junction on the A 2, will be let shortly. It is hoped that the tunnel may be in use in 1962, at a cost of about £11,000,000. Although work started in 1956, the project was first considered before the war and a pilot tunnel constructed before hostilities put an end to the work. The method used for the tunnel was to sink two shafts, one on each side of the river, and then to work inwards under the river bed, and outwards up to the exit points. The contracting engineers for the tunnel construction are Edmund Nuttall, Sons and Co. (London), Ltd. who are also building the northern approach road.

On the northern side of the Thames, a 600-ft.-long cutting has been made running down to the entrance of the tunnel. On both sides the retaining walls are under construction. A 21-ft.-wide carriageway will run through the 28-ft.-diameter tunnel, 25-ft. below the river bed

Right: Workmen use pneumatic drills to demolish part of the concrete caisson which was erected while the tunnel was being built under pressurised conditions

The waterproof seal between the cast-iron tunnel segments is made good by inserting lead in the joints

BRITAIN'S EXPANDING TRADE WITH YUGOSLAVIA

By **Peter Runge,**
vice-chairman of Tate & Lyle

The team I was privileged to lead was selected by the Federation of British Industries in response to an invitation from their opposite number in Yugoslavia, the Federal Chamber of Industry. It included experts in many branches of engineering and in industries which ranged from chemicals and steel to textiles and electronics. These experts, fourteen in all, went out as unbiased observers. Our hosts were anxious that we should see exactly what was being done in industrialisation in their country and also to discuss possibilities of technical co-operation between their industrialists and ours. The British observers were free to weigh anything they saw which had bearing on possible markets for capital or consumer goods. The team's report, which I hope will be presented in July, will be for the benefit of British and Yugoslavian industrialists as a whole. Trade talks are, of course, proceeding at the moment, and this autumn there is to be a British stand at Zagreb Fair, so interest in this subject is mounting.

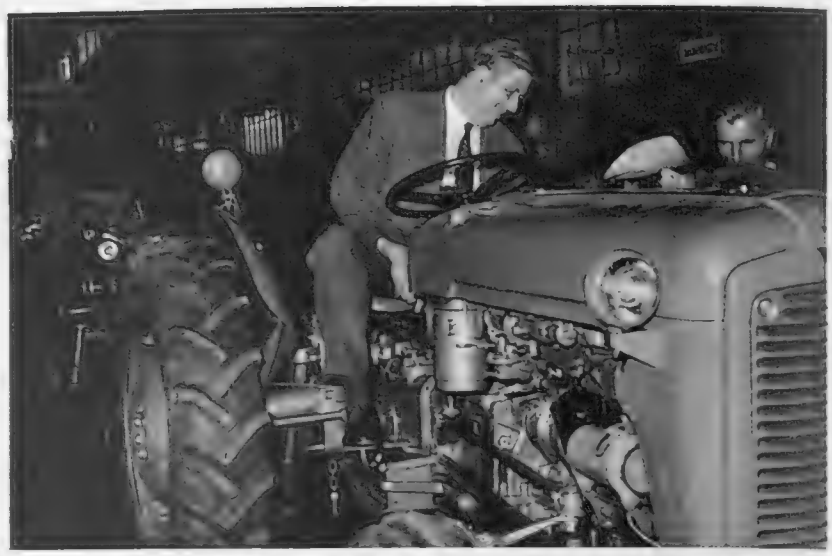
While I naturally cannot anticipate the Mission's report there are a number of general observations which may be usefully made here. For my own part I had no pre-knowledge of Yugoslavia so I was particularly pleased when the opportunity arose for me to make this trip. There was little time, however, for reflecting upon the many attractions this colourful land has to offer to tourists, for our time-table was a crowded one. A day which began at 8 a.m. and ended after midnight was normal. Our ten-day tour included, among other things, visits to a tractor and machine factory, a machine-tool factory, a steel works, an oil refinery, mines, shipyards, electronics plants, electrical power plants and a chemical works. It was exhausting but highly illuminating.

When the country broke away from Russian-style Communism a few years back, a Federal Bureaucracy gave way to decentralisation. Production is spread over 2,700 "enterprises" throughout the six Federal Peoples' Republics which constitute Yugoslavia. Each enterprise is now responsible first to its own Workers' Council, next to its local community, and then to its own Republic. Each operates as a self-contained unit and makes its individual profit; but the allocation of that profit is interesting. Federal taxes are a first charge, and the local community has claim to a second charge. Any balance is then utilised at the discretion of the Workers' Council of each enterprise, being either ploughed back or distributed among the workers. Wages will vary according to profitability. If 100 is taken as the norm, the variation will be between 80 and 120 without special measures being taken by authority.

After all I saw and heard throughout our very extensive tour I was left in no doubt that the whole system has engendered an active profit-motive. The higher the profits the higher the wages and the greater the contribution to communal welfare. Under conditions of expansion the system is working. It still has to be tested under conditions of recession. There is even a degree of competition between the Republics, as when two happen to be engaged in similar industries and each is eager to outvie the other. But, decentralised control notwithstanding, there must always be the overall party in ultimate control of political destinies.

Freedom for individual development may be true enough while an enterprise is running normally. But when funds are required for the renewal of machinery or for financing expansion one course alone is open to Workers' Councils and general managers. They must apply to the Banks; and these are strictly centralised. An enterprise which requires finance to buy capital goods has to get any backing it needs from the Investment Bank which functions as a capital issues committee and as a bank. It is under the able leadership of Mr. Augustin Papić.

All his staff are highly qualified and well able to give advice on business problems. An interesting point about the system of financing is that when advances are approved there is a sliding scale of interest rates geared to each particular undertaking. A company that is engaged in increasing power supplies in line with the central overall policy may be required to pay only 2 per cent.; but an enterprise making consumer goods, such as bicycles, might be charged as much as 8 or 9 per cent. In this respect, Bureaucracy calls the tune.



Mr. Peter Runge at the Massey-Ferguson tractor works in Belgrade

It is not possible here to discuss other aspects of the system, but there is no doubt that the speed of development in most industries has been outstanding. Most of the factories are of post-war construction, and the quality of the goods produced in them is first class, even though there are some gaps in technical know-how. They have plenty of excellent craftsmen, though there is a shortage of process technicians, engineers, draughtsmen and research workers. There seemed little indication that they were seeking to develop new processes on their own. They rely upon French, German, Italian, British and American technicians to make up deficiencies, and are keen to foster further technical co-operation.

To this end in capitalist countries, two firms would get together and one would take an interest in the equity of the other; but in a Communist country there can be no ownership by a foreigner and this is got round by mutual arrangement. A foreign firm making a special machine may be given an exclusive contract to supply on the understanding that when sales reach a certain scale a factory will be set up. There are many variants. One outstanding example of successful co-operation is that of Massey-Ferguson whose tractors are gradually being more completely manufactured in an expanding factory near Belgrade. Both parties are said to be very satisfied with the way the agreement is working.

I foresee an extension of arrangements of this sort, and all the signs are that Yugoslavia would prefer to do business with a former ally than with ex-enemies. But the credit factor is highly important. Sometimes it weighs more than price or quality. A constant reproach I heard was that Germany and Italy—and for that matter France as well—all give better credit terms than Britain. Last year, Yugoslavia imported British goods worth more than £11,000,000, and British firms are well placed to develop Yugoslav markets by providing equipment which is going to be needed under that country's coming five-year plan of economic development. The fields are almost limitless, in fact, and embrace such things as chemicals, plastics, synthetic fibres and petroleum by-products, steel-making machinery, modern building equipment, electronics, mining equipment, agricultural machinery, textile machinery, refrigeration equipment and radar for ships and airfields.

To sum up: a wide expansion of trade with Yugoslavia is certain, and I am quite sure the British stand at the Zagreb Fair will prove a powerful centre of attraction. One proposal our hosts put forward during our tour was the setting up of a permanent link between industrialists of both our countries for promoting technological co-operation. The Mission I had the honour to head believes that this proposal is worthy of urgent examination. Communication is the key to so much; anything that fosters communication between our countries can only be beneficial. I should like to add that the characteristic of the Yugoslav people that struck me most personally was friendliness and, in spite of language difficulties, a readiness to share a joke. I made a personal friend of the President of the Federal Chamber of Industry, Mr. Nikola Dzuverović, who went to such pains to make our trip a success.

We all found it easy to be frank in our exchange of views and ideas. At first the call will be for capital goods, but eventually there will be a flow of consumer goods of all kinds, though reparations fill some market for the time being. But as long-term business ties develop and become closer the opportunities will certainly be there. No difficulties are put in the way of Yugoslavs visiting this country; and we are free to travel at will over there. Yugoslav eyes are turned to the West. We should do all we can to help her and share in her expansion.

Mr. G. L. Hancock, manager of the foundry group of David Brown Industries, Mr. Runge and Mr. Zvoninier Moric, secretary of the Yugoslav Federal Chamber of Industry

At Windscale, in Cumberland, the prototype advanced gas-cooled reactor is well on the way to completion. The reactor will look finally like a giant inverted pear

PROGRESS AT WINDSCALE

Some of the stub pipes inside the reactor, and (right) the honeycomb of refuelling nozzles

Next spring the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority plans to bring into use a new type of nuclear reactor, which is an improvement on the Calder Hall magnox type. The new plant, known as the advanced gas-cooled reactor, or by its initials as the A.G.R., is being built at Windscale, in Cumberland, for about £9,000,000.

The Authority hopes that in 1970 this system will produce electricity at a price competitive with that produced by a first-class coal-fired station. At present nuclear electricity costs about ·65 of a penny per unit, against ·5 of a penny from the best coal-fired plant.

The reduction in the cost of electricity will be made possible through the higher temperatures achieved in the A.G.R., and an improved method of canning the fuel. The A.G.R. will also be smaller and less expensive than older reactors; but, compared with a Calder Hall type of similar size, it will produce six times as much power. Perhaps the most striking feature of the new system, as far as commercial development is concerned, is that nuclear power stations will be able to be built nearer to cities than is at present possible. This is effected by encasing the reactor in a steel envelope for extra safety.

WOMEN IN BUSINESS

BETTY BOX

A prolific and successful film producer is interviewed by ***Josephine Parfitt***

One of Britain's most successful film producers is a small, quiet woman with the knack of giving the great, middlebrow mass of cinemagoers exactly what they want. "When I'm looking for a story to film," explains forty-four-year-old Betty Box, "I look for something that entertains *me*. As I'm not a highbrow in any sense, I can be fairly sure that what pleases me will also please most other people." This simple rule, combined with her expertise in the actual making of films, has enabled her to preserve the Midas touch during twenty years in an industry more prone than most to violent fluctuations of fortune.

She is a prolific worker. Since *Dear Murderer*, released in 1947—the first product of her early years as an independent producer—she has made more than thirty films. All but two rang a golden bell. They include the *Huggetts* series of family comedies, *So Long at the Fair*, *The Clouded Yellow*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, and the remarkably fruitful *Doctor* saga, of which the latest chapter, *Doctor in Love*, is due to have its premiere in London on July 14. The first episode, *Doctor in the House* (1954), cost the Rank Organisation, to whom Betty Box is under contract, just over £100,000 to make. To date, it has brought in nearly £1,000,000 at the box office, thus qualifying as the most profitable British film ever made and establishing Betty Box and her director, Ralph Thomas, as one of the top production teams in the business.

Miss Box in her office at the Rank Studios, Pinewood

Their last release, *Conspiracy of Hearts*, is a fair example of the kind of best-selling mixture Betty Box chooses. With its nuns, its children, its war background and its unfamiliar setting, the film has all the ingredients of popular modern screen entertainment. In spite of mixed notices, it has done well financially, and its producer recalls with satisfaction that the story had been in existence for about seven years, and had been turned down by several American companies, before she decided to translate it to the screen. Ironically, Paramount have bought the American distribution rights, paying more than they have ever given before for a British film. Like most others from the same stable, this film has little appeal for earnest worshippers of the cinema as an art form. Betty Box is not a critic's producer. Nevertheless, her pictures are the sort that earn the industry's bread and butter, and indirectly contribute to the financing of more ambitious screen themes. Also, whatever their subject, they are pictures that bear the unmistakable stamp of first-class, professional craftsmanship.

A critic with long experience of the backroom business of film-making pays her this tribute: "Some producers are just money-men—high-class accountants who don't necessarily know very much about the actual mechanics of making films. But Betty knows the lot. She is always on the set, looking after every detail of production. Her films are never skimped, always produced on schedule, within the specified budget. When she goes on location with the unit, and when it's raining—as it always is—you can bet your life she will find an old barn or some place like that where they can get on with shooting interior shots that they would normally do at the studio, so as not to waste time and money." These talents belong to a woman whose quiet voice, placid manner and unobtrusively elegant appearance are in striking contrast to the flamboyance popularly associated with the industry she serves. Completely lacking in affectation or pomp, Betty Box conveys only the calm, solidly-based assurance of one who has earned wealth, fame and professional laurels by long years of hard work in a job she loves.

She entered the film industry as a young housewife, twenty-five years old, lonely, and a trifle bored. The year was 1940. Her first husband, who was in the Royal Air Force, had gone abroad to train pilots. Her elder brother, Sydney Box, who had just founded a company which made scores of wartime documentaries, suggested that Betty might like to occupy her days helping in his office. She started there as a general odd-job girl earning £5 a week. Then, one after another, the men of the company were called up and her responsibilities swiftly grew. In a few years she was production manager, doing work formerly entrusted to three men, in charge of between 10 and 20 units in simultaneous production of anything from five-minute "shorts" to full-length features.

Part of her job was getting budgets passed by the various Government departments involved—a good grounding in the financial side of film-producing. With this solid experience behind her, she set up after the war as independent producer and made twelve films on her own before joining the Rank Organisation on contract. She has many sharp memories, from those early years, of the nerve-racking process whereby a producer has to raise what remains of the total cost of a film after the distributor has guaranteed his share. She remembers her first attempt to get a loan from a City bank: she was successful, but so dazed that she came out of the wrong entrance and could not find her car. More clearly, she remembers the time when she and her husband mortgaged their house to obtain part of the money she needed. "Those were six of the most worrying months of my life," says Betty Box, "but the gamble paid off, and we made enormous profits."

Now at the pinnacle of her career, she is working on the most expensive, elaborate and ambitious production the Rank Organisation has yet tackled—a screen adaptation, in colour, of *Nightrunners of Bengal*, the novel by John Masters about the Indian Mutiny. When I met her, she had just returned from a preliminary visit to India in search of suitable locations. She is passionately fond of travelling abroad, and her work provides her with plenty of that, especially as she nearly always picks films that give scope for foreign location work. Altogether, she reckons to spend about four months of every year out of Britain.

Fortunately her husband, Peter Rogers, is in the same line of business, and takes these absences fairly stoically. He is the producer of the popular, profitable *Carry On* series and works almost next door to his wife at Pinewood, where he has made nearly as many films as she has. When, as sometimes happens, each has a film out on general release, they enjoy competitive comparison of their respective box-office takings at the end of the week. Oddly enough, Peter Rogers works with a director, Gerald Thomas, who is the brother of his wife's director, Ralph Thomas. And the celebrated husband-wife team of Sydney Box (producer) and Muriel Box (director) completes the charmed circle of the most successful family clan, in an industry where the name Box has come to be synonymous with box-office bonanza.

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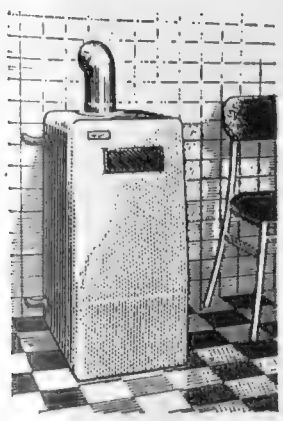

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BOOKS

A HISTORY OF LOVE

A Biography of Tchehov; Study of American Poets; Post-war India; and this week's High-powered Fiction

When a writer starts out to produce THE NATURAL HISTORY OF LOVE (Hutchinson. 25s.) he could, without exaggeration, be called a man of temerity, ambition, foolhardiness, courage or any one of a list of suitable terms. Such a man is Mr. Morton M. Hunt, the author in question, who is also a successful journalist contributing chiefly to magazines and lecturing on such work at American universities. It may have been his own training at Philadelphia University which gave him a taste and aptitude for research but whether it comes naturally or through intellectual discipline, Mr. Hunt certainly has shown in this one impressive volume that he is a devoted consulter of source material. The list of the books which he consulted, although not complete, takes more than twenty pages. The fact that it includes such works as Marlene Dietrich's *How to be Loved*, Pitirim Sorokin's *Social and Cultural Dynamics* and *Cambridge Mediæval History* shows us just how seriously Mr. Hunt has taken his project and what an immensely wide scope his references cover. But then love has a fairly wide scope, too, and no author worth his literary salt would approach its manifestations otherwise than soberly. As it turns out, there is much humour in the present book, much erudition, as I have tried to indicate, and some purely historical information of the greatest possible interest. It is comforting to reflect, in conclusion, that Mr. Hunt regards the present day as the very Age of Love.

Miss Beatrice Saunders has not only made a study of Anton Tchehov for many years; she regards him, even apart from his works, as a character of great nobility and has written, in her introduction to TCHEHOV, THE MAN (Centaur. 21s.), that to her he has always been an inspiration and that she has regarded it as an honour to write her book on such a subject. Tchehov was born into wretchedly poor circumstances and peasant heritage but he triumphed over both and dedicated himself to literature and to improving the living conditions—in so far as one private individual could—of his backward country. He knew success in his own lifetime but was scarcely touched by it. Like Gorky, he could have said that " a book is one of the great and mysterious wonders of the world." Like him, Tchehov put his country and his work before other considerations - and, without doubt, above money. Miss Saunders' study of this brilliant and original character reflects some of Tchehov's unique qualities and much of the lustre which is still his, a hundred years after his birth.

THE CREATIVE ENCOUNTER (Secker and Warburg. 27s. 6d.) is a very interesting book indeed as far as its intention goes, for here is a young English writer, Mr. David Bulwer Lutyens, examining modern—or fairly modern—American poetry and commenting on four of America's best-known poets. They are Robert Lowell, Robinson Jeffers, Hart Crane and Archibald MacLeish, and they represent three or possibly four distinct manners and styles. Robinson Jeffers, for instance, who wrote: *All Europe was hardly worth the precarious freedom of one of our states: what will her ashes fetch?* has been accused of being an exponent of a philosophy of despair. Mr. Lutyens disagrees with this but does not add that Jeffers is a fairly sound exponent of a doctrine of chauvinism. Hart Crane died nearly thirty years ago; MacLeish, who has had a distinguished career as Librarian of Congress, wields a finely-barbed pen; and Lowell is a " modern mystic and . . . an alien among his own people " who are the New Englanders. These are dealt with successively, earnestly and with copious quotation by a writer who appreciates more than many commentators the value of a rich imagination in a poet.

THE LEAF AND THE FLAME (Bodley Head. 21s.) is the diary kept by Miss Margaret Parton, an American newspaper correspondent who, at the time of writing, lived in India with her English newspaperman husband and their little son. Her journal, reflective, intelligent and readable, covers a period of about five years in a post-war time of considerable stress and strain. Miss Parton has written with commendably gentle irony about Gandhi, telling us that " the goats' milk Gandhi preferred had to be sent from out of town, at considerable expense, and so did his honey and special brand of grain. 'If the world only knew what it cost us to keep Ghandiji in the poverty to which he is accustomed!' that acid wit, Sarojini Naidu, once remarked with loving exasperation." Altogether her picture of India is an intimate and personal one and, on another level, a practised assessment of a country's economic and political future. It must have been no small task to reconcile the two methods of writing, reporting and remembering, but then the author is a professional and I, for one, have nothing but admiration for the professional approach.

ALFRED LUNT AND LYNN FONTANNE are seen together in London. They had arrived to prepare for their appearance in *The Visit*, with which London's new theatre, the Royalty, is to open on Thursday next, June 23. The Royalty is in Kingsway on part of the site formerly occupied by the Stoll Theatre. *The Visit* is by the Swiss dramatist, Friedrich Düerrenmatt, and is adapted by Maurice Valency. Two years ago the Lunts opened the Lunt-Fontanne Theatre in New York with this play

And so to the contemplation of novels which this week are quite a high-powered lot. First of all, THE EVIDENCE OF LOVE (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 15s.), which is by Mr. Dan Jacobson, the South African-born writer, who has studied at a university in his own country and in California, where he held a Fellowship, and now writes for the most distinguished of American and English weeklies as well as producing a respectable—and again distinguished—number of novels and short stories. Mr. Jacobson's is a very special and a very real talent, sensitive, witty and, above all, compassionate. His present story concerns two young people in love but its basic theme is that of racial conflict. An intelligent young man who is a Cape Coloured boy falls in love with a white girl in South Africa. She is rich and indulged by her devoted father: he has experienced only the rigours and makeshifts of the shanty town where his family live, but he realises that a better life exists and should be possible for him and his love. This tale is their romance and, in terms, their tragedy and there is not a line of its telling that is without significance or without the natural grace of Mr. Jacobson's style.

The Hawaiian Islands, all seven of the beautiful places, are the *raison d'être* and the true core of Mr. James A. Michener's mammoth novel, HAWAII (Secker and Warburg. 30s.), which is as much a history of the region as a localised story. Indeed Mr. Michener, who was responsible for the story from which the fabulously successful play *South Pacific* was drawn, has intended his new book to be just that—the story of the Islands and their Golden People. He now lives in the islands himself with his Japanese wife and has identified himself closely with their civic affairs. His book ranges through the 1,100 years of known or recorded Hawaiian history and explains with considerable dramatic force how the place was first settled by men from Tahiti, sailing across 5,000 miles of sea, bringing their women, their seed coconuts and a supply of good eating dogs. Later there were other settlers, for in the eighteenth century, arrived the tough American whalers and the Methodist missionaries, equally tough in their especial ways. Now the Hawaiian Territory has been granted American statehood and its population is made up variously of Polynesians, Filipinos, Japanese and Chinese. Between them they have produced a beautiful nation and in the main a happy one. With examples drawn from the particular and often from the romantic, Mr. Michener writes about their development and their unique position in the immense tracts of the Pacific.

The setting for Mr. Herbert D. Kastle's novel, CAMERA (W. H. Allen. 18s.), is an original one which is often at least a quarter of the battle, and the remaining three-quarters are made up of good, fairly tough and extremely well-observed reporting of an extraordinary world. For this is a story about a commercial photography studio in which the models pose for as various a collection of products as can well be imagined and have a common denominator of beauty and resilience. Or perhaps adaptability would be a better word for it. Mr. Kastle has a fine, crisp style without flourishes, and he bustles along with his plot as if he were working to a deadline. Not a pretentious novel but a roughish and readable one.

THE CLOWN (Collins. 21s.), by Mr. Alfred Kern, has been translated from the French by Mr. Gerard Hopkins, and that, impeccable as his renderings are, must have been quite a chore in itself. For the book is well over 500 closely-printed pages in length and the texture of the story itself is closely, almost thickly woven. Mr. Kern has chosen the Europe of fifty years ago and more for his background and his hero is a poor and

(Continued on page 508)

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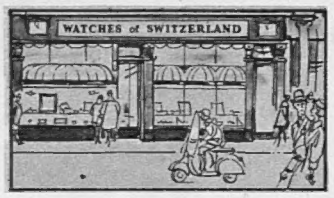

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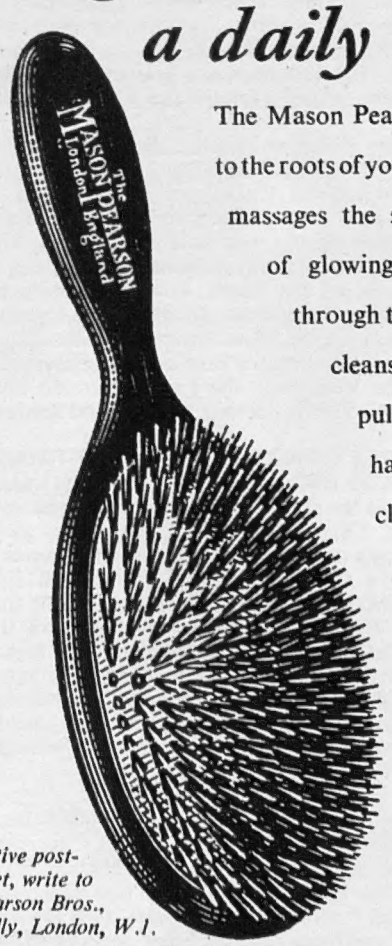

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(*Continued from page 506*)

apparently ordinary boy who leaves home to join a travelling circus. Eventually he becomes a clown of much acclaim, though always with a secret, half-happy life in which he sees the satiric content of events about him. This, like the man's performances, has a good deal of the sensational about it, though never in the cheap sense of the word.

Senora Mercedes Salisachs, an author of some fame in her native Spain, has written, in THE EYES OF THE PROUD (Methuen. 18s.), the touching story of a girl who goes back to her own village to have her baby and earns the hostility of nearly all the inhabitants because of her husbandless state. The community itself is drawn with brilliant, mischievous care and the tragedy of the girl is set against a curtain of vivid colours and undoubted authenticity. The translation, which is smooth and expert, has been made by Mr. Delano Ames, better known for his deservedly popular thrillers.

Vernon Fane

INSURRECTIONS

A Survey of To-day's Rebels

"A Study in Post-War Insurrections" is the sub-title to Brian Crozier's THE REBELS (Chatto and Windus. 21s.). It is both a guide to rebellions over the past fifteen years and a "who's who" of the personalities concerned in them. In this fascinating survey of human behaviour and aspiration, the reader is taken round the world from Cuba to Africa, Cyprus, Hungary and the Far East. About familiar figures such as Castro or Grivas there is something to learn and illumination is provided on names and organisations which will probably have been only vaguely known hitherto to most readers. Vo Nguyen Giap and Vietminh or Luis Taruc and the Hukbalahaps are cases in point. Insurrections have occurred against a variety of regimes, Communist as well as Colonial. Some have succeeded, others failed. The issue in a few, *e.g.*, Algeria, has still to be resolved. Often the conspirators of yesterday have become the recognised government of to-day. Mr. Crozier also deals with the attitudes of authorities when faced by incipient revolt and considers whether an uprising could have been avoided. He finds certain similarities in the pattern of insurrection in many parts of the globe but very wisely does not seek to deduce a general theory. One may not agree with all his particular conclusions. None the less this is an important and useful book.

Donald McCormick is correct in calling his new book THE INCREDIBLE MR. KAVANAGH (Putnam. 21s.). It is the biography of Arthur McMorrough Kavanagh, who was born in Ireland in 1831 with no arms and no legs. That he survived at all is incredible, for nothing could be done to provide him with artificial limbs. That he became a traveller of note, a landowner who could capably manage his estates and a Member of Parliament is more unbelievable. Mr. McCormick relates fact, not fiction. In his youth Kavanagh's indomitable spirit was encouraged by his mother and the family doctor. He taught himself to write and paint with pen and brush held in his mouth—one wonders what graphologists and other experts make of the normal-looking results. He devised means by which he rode and hunted, shot, fished and engaged in outdoor life. As a young man he went on expeditions to the Middle East and to India which would have taxed the strength and endurance of the abnormally healthy. He married and spent fourteen years in the Commons. Kavanagh was well-to-do, otherwise he would certainly have died at birth. But this does not detract from his superhuman achievement. Mr. McCormick relates a unique story remarkably well.

Human endurance in very different circumstances and conditions is the theme of GENTLEMEN CONVICTS (Hart-Davis. 15s.), by François Poli. The central character is a Frenchman, Carlette, who commits an unnecessary *crime passionel* and is sentenced to transportation to a penal settlement in French Guiana. He simulates leprosy and is sent to the unguarded colony for leper convicts. From there he has no difficulty in escaping, but how he survives the appalling hazards of the South American jungle to return to civilised communities is a hair-raising story. In Brazil and elsewhere in Latin America Carlette meets other escapees from Guiana. With some of them he continues his life of adventure, hunting for rare orchids, prospecting for gold and diamonds and diving for treasure in the Caribbean. In the conclusion he is a millionaire in Havana. This is another unusual and readable book.

The 1960 edition of DEBRETT'S PEERAGE, BARONETAGE, KNIGHTAGE AND COMPANIONAGE (Odhams. 12 gns.) makes its welcome appearance as an essential addition to the shelf of up-to-date reference volumes. The Preface by the Editor, Mr. Cyril F. J. Hankinson, offers as usual some stimulating thoughts. (The only comparable preface in this class is that written for the Church of England's Crockford by its anonymous Editor.) Mr. Hankinson notes the gift of Marlborough House in London by the Queen for Commonwealth purposes. He also has some reflections on the fact that Dr. Nkrumah will be the first Head of Government of a Republic in the Commonwealth who is a Privy Councillor. It is a pity that Mr. Hankinson could not find space to enlighten his readers upon: (*a*) the convention of the acceptance of British honours in the various Commonwealth countries (Monarchist or Republican) and (*b*) the juridical position of the Commonwealth countries in relation to the Privy Council.

What are the reasons for changes in fashions and why does dress vary from generation to generation? Dr. and Mrs. Willett Cunnington provide many of the answers to these questions in their A PICTURE HISTORY OF ENGLISH COSTUME (Vista Books. 35s.) which is a new volume in the publishers' "Picture Histories" series. The authors have drawn upon their own extensive collection of costumes and on other sources to illustrate this informative work.

Seven of Scotland's leading authors and the *Scottish Field* magazine have collaborated in the production of SCOTLAND'S SPLENDOURS (Collins. 35s.). This fine volume has over 250 pictures, 100 of them being in colour.

C. D.

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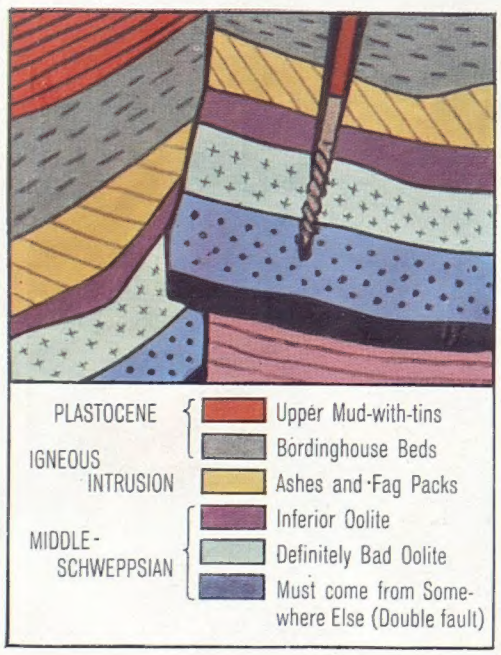

NO. 4 GEOLOGY WATCHING. The great thing about Natural History is that it is everywhere and whatever is happening that is the thing which is actually there. Genuine geology watchers like W. G. Williman realise that if the dog brings in mud from the garden, it is "typical Tunbridge Wells tertiary deposit". If his ball runs down the slope into the gravel pit from his drive from the 11th tee of Schweith Hill Golf Course, it is because of the "typical contour of the base of a denuded anticline".

Leaving his City job on the Schwop Exchange, "Willie" Williman always field geology-watches on his Thursday afternoons off. Here he is on the lawn at Royal Schwepstow just before the Schwinley Stakes, making "dummy casts" for boring. He hopes to throw light on the problem of the earlier existence of a vast warm sea (Totinvestian) which contains records of semi-tropical ovifauna with well-developed display appendages and exaggerated head pluming.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

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